

Inside: A Wonderful
12-page Supplement }

HOME DECORATING with WILFRED PICKLES

Week ending March 7 1953 Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

EXCLUSIVE

**HISTORIC
ROYAL**

PHOTOGRAPHS

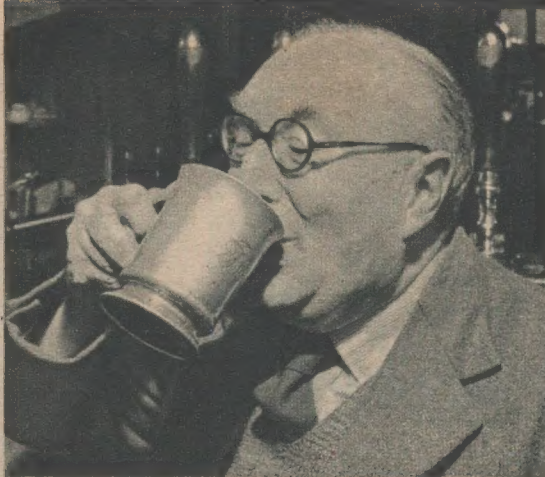
Described for John Bull

by **QUEEN MARY**





HE LIKES A LEISURELY GAME of dominoes with his beer. Life without 'The Local'? He just can't picture it. It's the most friendly club in the world.



THIS HAPPY PHILOSOPHER comes for the company. Says a pint in pewter makes a good companion. He certainly looks to be enjoying life. Good health, all!

LOOKING IN AT 'THE LOCAL'



Photographed by FRANK CREACAL

HERE'S A STRANGER who's dropped in to see what someone else's Local is like. And he won't feel strange for long in this genial company.

WHEREVER you go through Britain's broad acres and teeming towns you're sure to find a friendly welcome at 'The Local'. Millions of people enjoy this hospitality each year. What do they go for, mostly? For refreshment? For the good company? One thing is certain. They must get what they're looking for, or they wouldn't keep going. So what *do* people look for in 'The Local'? We sent our cameraman (lucky chap!) to find out. His research proved most refreshing.



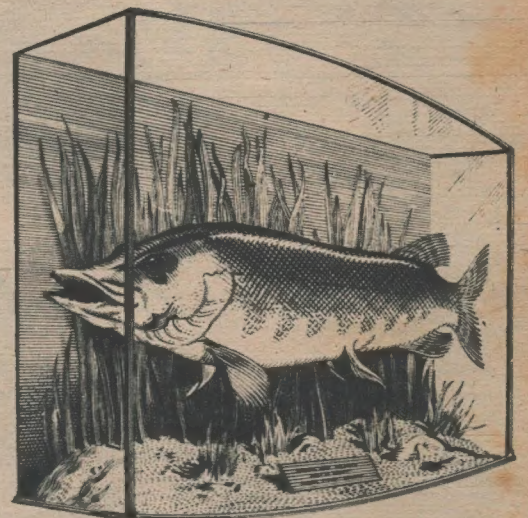
THIS YOUNG COUPLE are courting. They're now on their way to a show. A call at 'The Local' is the first part of their programme — and it's an item they always enjoy.



THIS GOOD LADY'S CUSTOMERS all agree on this. Young or old, saloon or 'public' — they do like a good glass of beer.



FOCUS ON HUSBAND AND WIFE. At home all day, she likes a change. He's had a hard day, too. Both agree there's no place like 'The Local'.



'Live and let live is my motto,'

remarked the Man by the Window, gazing thoughtfully at the pike.

'If folks think they know a better drink than beer, let them drink it. There's no law against it.'

'True,' said a voice, 'it's a free country.'

'For my part,' went on the Man by the Window, 'I've yet to taste anything more satisfying than a glass of good wholesome beer enjoyed among friends at The Local.'

'Name me a finer drink when I'm dry and better company to drink it in and I'll never call for another beer as long as I live.'

At this threat, said the landlord later, the pike, who had never been drier in all his life, was positively seen to wink.

**beer
is
best**

**Let's have one
at The Local**



FOOTNOTE. PEOPLE IN ALL WALKS OF LIFE drop in to 'The Local'. It's where they come to meet old friends and make new ones. There's nothing quite like it in any other country in the world.

Country life

WATER, without which life cannot exist, is comfortably on tap for most of us. Yet two million of our citizens live without a piped supply.

Out of 6,747 Women's Institutes which took part in a survey, 1,468 reported that their villages had no adequate water supply. As for sewerage, 4,097 had no scheme.

These are not the only benefits of civilization lacking for those who dwell amid the green fields.

As well as no proper water supply or drainage, the village of Tushingham in Cheshire, population five hundred, had no electricity, post office, telephone kiosk, village hall, recreation ground, new houses, surgery, midwife, Home Helps service or anyone to perform the last offices for the dead.

This was in 1950, but things have improved very little since then, according to Dame Frances Farrer, general secretary of the National Federation of Women's Institutes: "We are very, very distressed with the lack of progress. Our naming of Tushingham may have made some improvement in that case, but there are many other villages in the same plight. There has been a



DAME FARRER
"A deliberate go-slow..."

deliberate go-slow policy on bringing amenities to the village."

Nine years ago the House of Commons voted to put £15 million at the disposal of the government for grants towards rural water supplies. Less than £4 million of this money has been touched.

In the light of this, the Women's Institute report reads even more incredibly. . . .

LANGHAM in Norfolk spoke of "vermin-infested wells." LSykes Junction in Lindsey (Lincs) relied on a well which was "appalling"—every drop must be boiled. At Kingsland in Herefordshire, sewage went in an open drain running down the village street. At Cherry Willingham in Lincolnshire where the land is very flat, contaminated cesspool water lay in pools in the village.

THAT these conditions are in many cases allowed to continue, particularly when agriculture and a country life have to attract more young people, is astounding.

Those in Whitehall who can have a cup of tea without walking a mile to a pump, or a bath without begrudging every drop, should remember those homes—one in every sixteen, and in town as well as country—where water is an enforced luxury.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

WILFRED PICKLES introduces some excellent advice on paper-hanging in **JOHN BULL**'s supplement this week—but he doesn't suggest what to do about a wife who *will* change her mind. Artist Gerald Fancett can afford to laugh at the frustrated husband in his cover painting. He himself is a bachelor, and lives with his parents at Kenton in Middlesex. No handyman, he spends his spare time at Southampton, sailing a yacht which he owns with a friend.



"Shh! Stop Tommy! I think Mummy's coming up with our Oxo"



OXO

FOR A TASTY
AND NOURISHING
HOT DRINK



ENJOY THE STIMULATING PROPERTIES OF PRIME BEEF



Worried by
INDIGESTION?

I've found the answer!

"I had just the same trouble some years ago... such sharp pains after eating, I never really enjoyed a meal. But I found the answer... 'Milk of Magnesia'*; it put me right pretty quick and has kept me right ever since."

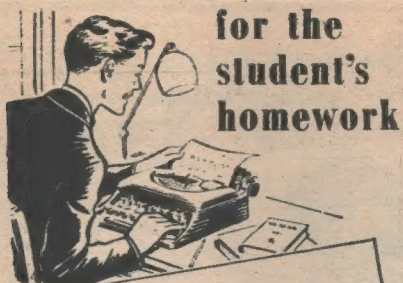
'Milk of Magnesia' is a mild laxative as well as an antacid—so it corrects acidity and keeps the system regular too.

4 oz. size 1/9 — 12 oz. size 3/6

'Milk of Magnesia'

* REGD. TRADE MARK

The Answer to Acid-Indigestion



for the
student's
homework

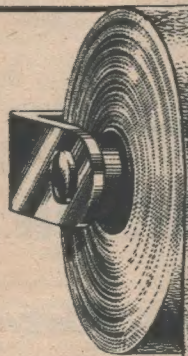
the
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DE LUXE
PORTABLE

Older school children find new interest in doing homework on the smooth, speedy keyboard of a Remington de luxe Portable Typewriter. It lends fluency to their thoughts... neatness to essays. The whole family will save time in typing letters... invitations... club notes... for this compact little typewriter possesses all the "Big Machine" aids to better typing—plus portability! Write to-day for illustrated folder. REMINGTON RAND LTD., Dealer-Wholesale Division (Dept. PR 155), 1 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1 Tel: CHAncery 8888



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Obtainable from all first-class dealers



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ANDREX
and **WHAT**
A DIFFERENCE

- TOILET TISSUE
WITH COTTON WOOL
SOFTNESS

Only 1/3 a roll or 2/5 for the economical
"Double-Pack"
Get this different toilet tissue today.

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JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
MARCH 7, 1953 Vol. 93 NUMBER 2436 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

A man and his courage

BEFORE the war I was at school with a boy who had no interest in any of our subjects, and who appeared to be without initiative. He left to take a routine job. In 1943 I chanced to meet him and was amazed at the change. He had been decorated for bravery under fire and had not only shown himself resourceful and courageous as a soldier, but he had found time to develop an interest in politics and the arts. I thought: here is a man who will start a new life when the war ends.

Recently I met him again. He bore the old uninterested look of his school-days. The drive, the energy and the alertness of the soldier was gone. He said he was afraid to change his job as a clerk for a small firm and look around for something better. A psychologist I know gave me what seems to be the answer. "Courage," he said, "is expendable. Every man has a certain amount, and in the right situation or crisis he will find himself. But it will only last him for so long. Once it has been used up he may never be able to force himself out of a rut."—R. H., Northampton.

Strange Names

IN Cornwall we have many dialect names for everyday things. Some of the more interesting are "wisht" for sad or ill, "leary" for hungry, "spence" for cupboard, "clome" for crockery, "clunk" for swallow, and "sconce" for pavement. If something is broken in pieces it is "scat in jowds." If a person is "falling abroad" then it is time to go on a diet. I would like to know other country versions of these words and phrases. Has a dialect dictionary ever been compiled?—Miss JOAN M. N. WRIGHT, St. Agnes, Cornwall.

An English Dialect Dictionary was published by the Oxford University Press in the early part of the century. It is now out of print.

Crane Wanted

OUTSIDE a factory in a Birmingham street I saw two men struggling to lift, by their strength alone, a huge



piece of metal on to a lorry. A large plaque on the factory gate stated that the firm manufactured lifting appliances.—A. C. D., Birmingham.

How To Save

LORD MACKINTOSH, chairman of the National Savings movement, is quoted in your editorial "Dis-saving" (JOHN BULL, February 14) as saying that people must save more. Interest rates are so low that they are no attraction whatever to seventy-five per cent of the members of my savings group. A popular inducement to saving would be the issue of prize certificates with a life of three, five or ten years, the

interest on which would be used to form a fund. Out of this, substantial prizes could be offered, at weekly or monthly intervals, to holders of winning certificates. The longer life certificates would carry bigger prizes. A scheme like this would encourage people to save their money for longer periods.—WILLIAM FRANCIS, Bradford, Yorks.

The Belgian premium bond issues, mentioned in your editorial, cannot be termed gambling because

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Pilgrimage to LOURDES

by Dennis Holman

Coming soon—a new
AGATHA CHRISTIE Thriller

See page 32

the capital is not lost. I held one for several years and received small interest payments, although I did not win a prize. The bond was eventually redeemed at par value. I would remind the Chancellor of the Exchequer that, if one does not lose, one cannot be gambling, and he would be well advised to make an issue of British premium bonds in the same way.—B. SIMMONS, Upper High Street, Worthing, Sussex.

The Hypocrite

VISITING another town I met an old school friend outside the magistrate's court. He is now a prosperous business man and a J.P. He invited me to dine with him. On the way to keep the appointment I glanced at the local paper. There was an account of a court case over which my friend had presided. He was reported as being "shocked, outraged, and disgusted" when sentencing a young person for a petty theft. I got off the bus at the next stop and returned to my hotel. I could not bring myself to see him again. That morning he had told me gleefully how he got through the Customs with "quite a load of stuff" after a trip abroad.—D. G., Hants.

Humanity, Please

A REPORT of the Central Health Services Council recommends that telephone inquiries about patients in hospital should be treated more humanely. I was rushed to hospital for an emergency operation in the middle of the night. My friends told me later that they rang the hospital every day for about a week, and were told each time that I was "fairly comfortable." Then they met my mother, who told them that I was not in that hospital at all, but in one more than fifteen miles away.—Mrs. F. R. NIVOGI, Dorset Road, Ashford, Middlesex.

Young Gardeners

MY pupils have shown me copies of your gardening supplement (JOHN BULL, January 31), and I would like to address a hint to all parents who possess gardens. Children should be allowed a small part of the garden to grow their own plants. Whatever these are, the children will get much pleasure from their own patch, and

develop an interest in the soil.—E. VERDUN WRAY (Rural Science Master), Wroughton Area Secondary Modern School, Burderop Park, Swindon, Wilts.

Mr. Wray teaches horticulture, agriculture, biology and ecology (the study of plants in their environment). His pupils are country children.

Introducing Starke

WHO is the artist who so amusingly illustrates the letters in "Free Speech"? They are a real tonic.—MRS. M. ROBINSON, Downend, Bristol.

The artist is Leslie Starke, aged forty-eight, from Cupar, Fife. He never had any artistic training. While in the R.A.F. in 1942 he "began to doodle on a scrap of paper." The result was so funny that he drew cartoons in his spare time. His work has since been reproduced in magazines all over the world. Starke lives in Regent's Park, London, "within a lion's roar of the Zoo."



Leslie Starke

Everyone Served

I HAVE just read your editorial "Late Shops" (JOHN BULL, November 8). In Toronto the majority of stores close at 6 p.m. during the week, and in certain districts stay open until 9 p.m. on Fridays. Tobacconists and chemists keep open until 9 p.m. or 10 p.m. every night, except Sundays. Workers are able to buy food on their way home at night, as many small grocers stay open late. Customers are satisfied, and shopkeepers' sales are helped. The shop assistant also benefits. If the employers operate two shifts there are more jobs. Secondly, when employees work overtime, they get a bonus.—E. S. WOODGER, 118 Avenue Road, Toronto, Canada.

Piped Lullaby

IN the small bedroom of each council house here are fixed two stout beams, six and a half feet from the floor. They support a water tank which is decked in gaudy wallpaper. The small bedroom is, presumably, for children. This has been recognized by the designers, and down the wall adjoining the tank is a graceful drapery of pipes. They provide "music" on tap, as it were, at all hours of the day and night.—D. M., Derbyshire.



The Man Who Died

JIM THORNLEY, leader of the ill-fated Nanga Parbat expedition described by Richard Marsh (JOHN BULL, February 14 and 21), was a member of my sports club during and after the war. I recall an incident which, in a very small way, illustrates the amazing stamina which carried him in plimsolls 165 miles in six days across a Himalayan range, taking in a 14,000-foot pass and a blizzard on the way. One hot summer day, while he was cycling up the Kirkstone Pass in the Lake District as though no gradient existed, a friend implored him to slow down as his three-speed gear had stuck in bottom gear. Jim exchanged cycles and left his perspiring friend yards behind in his ride to the top.—A. A., Southport, Lancs.

Alarming Traffic

DRIVING through a London street I heard the clanging of a fire engine bell behind me. In front were two lorries, four cars, a motor cyclist and a delivery van, and beyond them a traffic

Continued on page 6

NOW! MACLEANS ADD CHLOROPHYLL to give you another great tooth paste!

Gives you close-up confidence!

HERE'S SOMETHING REALLY NEW! To the best and best-selling tooth paste in the land we add fresh, green, vital chlorophyll. And we subtract none of the time-tested ingredients which have given users of Macleans Peroxide Tooth Paste the whitest teeth in Britain.

There is really no such thing as a "chlorophyll tooth paste". There are only tooth pastes with chlorophyll added. Chlorophyll does not clean your teeth; it cleans your breath. How vital it is, then, to get a good, whitening tooth paste when you change to chlorophyll!

The green tooth paste that makes teeth white

Macleans' chemists have evolved a superb combination of the world's most effective whitening tooth paste and Nature's own deodorant — chlorophyll. Use this new, double-value, double-protection Macleans Peroxide Tooth Paste with Chlorophyll. You will have a cleaner, fresher mouth; and brighter, whiter teeth.

Millions have proved for themselves that Macleans' famous formula has always given them whiter teeth. Many have written to say so. Now you can prove for yourself, from the very first morning, how Macleans Peroxide Tooth Paste with Chlorophyll freshens, sweetens your mouth — and makes your teeth whiter.

MACLEANS

peroxide TOOTH PASTE
with **chlorophyll**

**makes breath sweeter —
makes teeth whiter**

2/-

Teeth white as white. Breath sweet as a morning breeze. Macleans Peroxide Tooth Paste with Chlorophyll gives you close-up confidence!



AT LAST! RESEARCH EVOLVES THE PERFECT TOOTH PASTE WITH CHLOROPHYLL

Macleans will give you whiter teeth. But what of your breath? Of all mouth odours, 60 per cent originate in the mouth itself (as against stomach or throat). The chlorophyll in Macleans dispels, banishes every one of those odours; leaves your palate clean and sweet as spring-water; your breath clear as morning air. Makes you nice-to-be-near. Near as you like!

★ The world's finest
whitening tooth paste
combined with Nature's
own deodorant in a great
new tooth paste —
Macleans Peroxide Tooth
Paste with Chlorophyll.



★ MACLEANS USERS' PLEASE NOTE: The original Macleans Peroxide Tooth Paste is still available everywhere at 1/8d. and 2/6d.

It's time you had
a BSA

YOU CAN WIN THIS

Gibbs EASY SHAVING STICK

Competition
PRIZES OF A TOTAL
VALUE OF OVER **£2,000**



1st PRIZE

BSA 'GOLDEN FLASH' MOTOR-CYCLE WITH FAMILY SIDECAR



Model
A10 650cc.

Equipped with every luxury. The sidecar is designed to provide comfortable accommodation for the family—an adult, and a teenager or two children. Taxed, insured, petrol and oil tanks filled, all ready for the road.

Value **£324**

3 PRIZES OF

BSA 'GOLDEN FLASH' SOLO MOTOR-CYCLES



Model A10
650cc.

Equipped with every luxury, spring frame, taxed, insured, petrol and oil tanks filled, all ready for the road.

Value **£235 each**

6 PRIZES OF

BSA 'BANTAM' MOTOR-CYCLES



The
handiest
125cc.
lightweight

Fully equipped including dynamo lighting, taxed, insured, tank filled ready for the road.

Value **£107 each**

12 PRIZES OF

BSA 'GOLD VASE' BICYCLES



Value
£21 each

The outstanding sports bicycle in colour complete with 3-speed gear, holdall bag, all accessories, etc. (Alternative choice: any other type of B.S.A. bicycle of equal value.)

and up to 100 Consolation
Prizes of £1
Postal Orders.



GIBBS
EASY GOOD FOR
100 SMOOTH,
COMFORTABLE
SHAVES!

Here's a wonderful opportunity for you to become a user of Gibbs Easy Shaving Stick or Gibbs Lather Shaving Cream and, at the same time, win a magnificent B.S.A. 'Golden Flash' Motor-cycle and sidecar or, a superb 'Golden Flash' Solo, or one of the many other fine prizes. Don't hesitate! Enter this contest now—it offers you a magnificent opportunity to enjoy a healthy, open-air sport by becoming the proud owner of a machine that everyone will envy. And whether you win or lose, you'll still shake hands with yourself for discovering these wonderful Gibbs shaving products—your shaves will be smoother and quicker than you dreamt was possible.

HOW TO ENTER THIS COMPETITION

If you use Easy Shaving Stick

First, buy an EASY Shaving Stick (either Gibbs, or as it was formerly known, Lever's) costing 11d. Tear off top of carton and attach to your completed entry form. Write, in no more than 15 words, a snappy slogan or advertisement for Gibbs Easy Shaving Stick. Here are examples: 1. An Easy shave a day keeps dark shadows away. 2. Where shaving's concerned it's Easy to please. These points about Gibbs Easy may help you . . . Economical—good for 100 shaves. Gives a quicker lather. Gets beard softer, so shaving is easier. Provides closer shaves—face stays smooth longer. Leaves skin comfortable.

USE THIS



If you use the New Gibbs Lather Shaving Cream

First buy a tube of Gibbs Lather Cream. Tear off the printed end flap from carton and attach to your completed entry form. Write in no more than 15 words a snappy slogan or advertisement for Gibbs Lather Shaving Cream. Here are examples: 1. Gibbs Shaving Cream smooths your face, soothes your skin. 2. Gibbs has HC.7 for skin protection, so every shave improves your complexion. Details printed on the carton or tube may help you

OR THIS



Don't worry about handwriting—here are points the judges will look for:—Aptness of presenting selling points for Gibbs Easy Shaving Stick or Gibbs Lather Shaving Cream, and the skill, forcefulness and originality shown in the idea submitted. Of course, you may send in as many attempts as you wish. Write them on an entry form or a plain sheet of paper, but remember—a separate carton top or printed end flap with each entry please.

And by the way, here's a useful point. Two or three heads are better than one so bring in the help of the family when you search for that brilliant idea. Mother, father, sister, brother—that girl friend of yours—any one of them might give you that extra bit of inspiration that will put you in the prize-winning class! **NOTE.** The contest closes on April 13th, 1953, so enter NOW.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

- 1—Anyone over 16 years of age and resident in Great Britain or Northern Ireland may enter except employees (and their families) of D. & W. Gibbs Limited and their advertising agents.
- 2—A Competitor may send in as many entries as he wishes, provided each entry is made on a separate entry form and each is accompanied by a carton top or a printed end flap. He may use (a) the entry form below or (b) an entry form from his Gibbs or B.S.A. dealer, or (c) a plain piece of paper on which he must print all the information required on the official entry form, including the statement "I have read and agreed to abide by the rules of this competition", after which he must write his signature.
- 3—The entry form must be completed and posted with a carton top of Gibbs or Lever's Easy Shaving Stick or a printed end flap from a Gibbs Lather Shaving Cream carton to: **Gibbs Competition (Dept. JB1) Melbourn House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2** and arrive not later than April 13th, 1953.
- 4—Every entry will be judged by a panel of independent judges and prizes will be awarded in order

- of merit to the competitors whose efforts show the greatest merit.
- 5—No competitor may win more than one prize. Cash value of prizes may be taken in lieu if desired.
- 6—In the event of a tie or ties the cash value of prizes will be divided.
- 7—The judges' decision will be final and legally binding.
- 8—The judges will include: an advertising manager of a famous company; a leading advertising writer; an editor of a well-known publication; a publicity expert; and Kenneth Horne.
- 9—No entries will be returned and no correspondence will be entered into in connection with this competition. No responsibility will be accepted by D. & W. Gibbs Limited for entries lost, delayed, mislaid, or damaged.
- 10—The copyright of all entries will belong to D. & W. Gibbs Limited.
- 11—All prize winners will be notified by post. Any competitor wishing to receive a full list of prize winners should enclose a stamped addressed envelope with his entry.

ENTRY FORM

To: **GIBBS COMPETITION (Dept. JB1)**
Melbourn House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2

Write your slogan or advertisement (not more than 15 words) in the space below in block capitals.

COMPETITOR'S NAME
(BLOCK CAPITALS)

ADDRESS

I have read and agreed to abide by the rules of this competition.

Competitor's Signature

Date

Write below the name and address of the dealer where you bought your Easy Shaving Stick or Gibbs Lather Shaving Cream.

E 465-455

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

light had just changed to red. Everyone tried to get out of the way to let the engine pass, and there were several collisions. The engine was held up for two or three minutes. In Finland last year I noticed that a warning system connects the traffic lights with fire stations. When the alarm sounds, the fireman on duty sees from a map in front of him which route the engine will take and, operating the lights by remote control, stops all traffic. A siren at the station goes off at the same time.—H. V. M., Richmond, Surrey.

Pets In Shells

IN a pet shop I heard customers discussing terrapins which were on sale. One woman thought they were baby tortoises. Another said she was sure they were a kind of fish, because they



Terrapin in an aquarium

lived in water. The funniest description was given by a woman who said, "They are mechanical toys which are put in aquariums to amuse the goldfish."—ROBIN M. BUNDY (aged 11), Carlton Avenue, Barrow-in-Furness, Lancs.

Terrapins are related to turtles and tortoises, and are imported as pets. Being amphibious they must have rocks on which to climb from the water. They are long-lived reptiles.

Harmful Heels

PARENTS should not allow their daughters to wear high-heeled shoes in their early teens. A girl's ankles

A new John Bull feature

LIFE WITH FATHER

begins on page 35

do not really become strong enough until she is eighteen years old.—Miss B. M. (nurse), Yorks.

"This is perfectly sound advice," says a doctor. "A girl's feet should not be subjected to the forward strain which is thrown on them by high heels until the feet are fully grown."

Busmen's Rule

WHILE a bus was held up at a road junction I jumped on board. The conductor told me to get off and refused to start the bus until I did so. Was he within his rights in telling me to alight when there were empty seats inside?—A. H., Edinburgh.

Answer from a transport spokesman: "Empty seats have nothing to do with it. Our conductors are told to deter people from boarding between stops, as they might gain an unfair advantage over intending passengers queuing at the proper stops. There is also a risk of accidents."

Bonus In View

FOR some time a haulage firm had tried unsuccessfully to obtain a contract with a large company. One day their representative was asked to call, and a contract was signed. "I am impressed by your firm," said the director, and the representative beamed. "However," the director added, "it was not your persistence that persuaded me to give you our transport. Standing in front of me

at a football match last Saturday were two youths talking about their jobs. One was so enthusiastic that I asked where he worked. He gave me your name." The lad was a driver's mate. He had succeeded where executives had failed.—G. H. INGLES, Leicester.

Homing Husband

MRS. W. M. of Devon, who complains that her husband does not pay enough attention to his home ("Free Speech," February 7), prompts me to write about my husband. He pays keen attention to the whole household management. At weekends he is at my elbow, watching everything, and eager to help—and criticize. On Saturday he does not go to football matches, but shops with me, tendering what he thinks are helpful suggestions. Other wives assure me that this is a wonderful arrangement. But I long to run the house my own way. I would willingly do your correspondent's shopping if Mr. W. M. would teach my husband to play golf.—Mrs. G. R., Wales.

Inside The Font

MY husband and I were invited to be godparents to a nephew. When his parents had gone into the vestry after the ceremony, we peeped into the font. Standing in the centre was a small hyacinth bowl containing water.—Mrs. R. RACEY, Church Road, Elm, Wisbech, Cambs.



Free Spectacle

OUR children's favourite entertainment is to stand by the fence surrounding Lympne aerodrome and watch cars being driven into Griffith Powell's planes (JOHN BULL, February 7) to be ferried across the Channel. So many people stopped to watch that now "No waiting" signs and a special constable are posted there to keep the road clear. Most of the tourists go aboard nonchalantly, but I saw one little boy who had to be forcibly hauled into the cabin. The ball he was playing with was more interesting to him than the air-trip ahead.—Mrs. C. L. NUTLEY, Mer-sham, Ashford, Kent.

Time Of Yore

THIS single-fingered clock on the village church at Burton in Wirral, Cheshire, is about two hundred years



old. Few people, seeing the photograph, tell the right time. Most plump for ten minutes to four.—NORMAN H. SAUNDERS, Liverpool.

The first clocks, as we know them, were made by monks in the thirteenth century. They had only one hand, which denoted the hours. On the face each hour is divided into four parts, from which the quarters may be told. It was not until about 1670 that the minute hand was introduced. The time by the clock above is 3.30 p.m.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply

Bang!

QUALITY CRASHES THE PRICE-BARRIER!

Wonderful Coffee-time News!

Ricory
SOLUBLE COFFEE AND CHICORY PRODUCT

**BINGO!
NO TRICKERY—
JUST RICORY!**

Ricory is a soluble coffee and chicory product composed of coffee and chicory solids, combined and powdered with added dextrins, maltose & dextrin.

SUPER NEW Quick COFFEE DRINK BY NESTLÉ'S COSTS ONLY

Nestlé's have broken clean through the price barrier with RICORY—the quality coffee and chicory drink with wonderful new freshness and flavour. Now every jet-age coffee-lover can enjoy a top-flight coffee drink with

a big saving in cost. Ricory dissolves instantly in hot water . . . it's so easy to use, clean and never sticky. Hurry to your grocer today for Ricory! Just a sip or two and you'll say . . . "Ah-ha! It's Ricory for me."



You must try **Ricory**

IT'S THE LATEST OF NESTLÉ'S GOOD THINGS

THE EASY WAY OF SLIMMING BY Rallie

YOUR GOOD FIGURE REGAINED

without diet or any strenuous exercises
Improved health and complexion follows daily use of the Rallie Method
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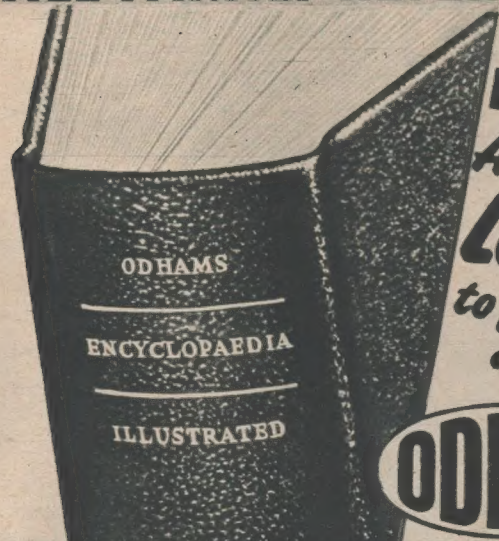
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A grenade rolled between my feet and stopped. Instinctively I dived round the building for shelter. I escaped lightly, but my orderly was badly hit

Beginning the valiant exploits of Britain's first Commando soldier

COMMANDO!

by Brigadier DURNFORD SLATER, D.S.O.

OF ALL THE NOTABLE Commando operations, from the Lofoten landings to the climactic assault across the Elbe, the one which meant most to me was the raid—two days after Christmas, 1941—on Vaagso, a small town a hundred miles north of Bergen along the serrated coastline of Norway.

As the first Commando soldier of the war, I had formed from scratch the first unit in this new fighting service. I meant from the very beginning to mould it into the world's best—the fiercest, the most efficient, the most highly trained unit of all. Now, eighteen months after the birth of No. 3 Commando—Nos. 1 and 2 existed only on paper when we were

formed—I was still its commanding officer. We had been involved in two previous operations, but in neither had we the good fortune to come to grips with the enemy. This sea-borne attack on Vaagso against a coastal fortress guarded by guns, manned by regular German soldiers, was to be our first big test.

Naturally, I was eager to get at it. Just before I was called up to London to report to the Chief of Combined Operations, Admiral Mountbatten had taken over the command from Sir Roger Keyes. This interview—early in December—was my first meeting with him. He was keen as a scalpel, incisive, alert; and

I was at once captivated by the renowned Mountbatten charm.

He indicated, however, that he was doubtful about going ahead with the Vaagso project. I could see what must have been running through his mind. This was to be the first Commando operation under his responsibility, and I had the feeling that he wanted to be reasonably sure of an initial success. "This seems very ambitious," he said, after I had gone over the plan with him. "Don't you think it would be better to take on something not so strong?"

My heart sank. This was the chance No. 3 Commando needed to prove itself.

Mountbatten knew that Vaagso, which

ILLUSTRATION BY FRED LAURENT



Troops guard a jetty as ships and oil factories, blown up by the Commandos, blaze in Vaagso harbour. The battle—won against first-class opposition—was described as “the perfect raid”



A wounded British soldier is evacuated to a landing craft. “The Commandos stopped for

overlooked the entrance to an important system of fjords, was strongly guarded by at least one coastal defence battery of 4.5-inch guns and had a garrison of at least two hundred good German troops. A two-tube torpedo battery covered the entrance to the fjord. Anti-aircraft batteries were sited at various points on Maaloy Island, in the fjord, and on the mainland. In addition, there were probably four squadrons of Messerschmidts within flying range, and a few German destroyers and motor torpedo boats in the area. He had reason to show caution.

I said: “I think we can quite easily overcome the difficulties, sir.” The prospect of action made me bold. The admiral, stroking his chin, asked me how we intended to deal with the battery. “If you’ll allow the cruiser Kenya and her destroyers to come up to three thousand yards,” I proposed, “and give the battery a real pounding at first light, I’m sure the problem will be disposed of. You can rely on our men to look after the German garrison.”

Mountbatten nodded. He never mentioned again the possibility of cancelling the raid. He became, in fact, most enthusiastic. Knowing that it was desperately important at that stage of the war to have a success, he had merely wanted to be convinced. Now he was.

Plan Of The Vaagso Raid

Broadly, our plan was for No. 3 Commando, supported by two troops of No. 2 Commando, to land at Vaagso and on Maaloy Island. All installations working for the Germans were to be liquidated, or captured and brought back to Britain together with certain Norwegian quislings. A limited number of loyal Norwegian volunteers was to be taken off with us in the Prince Charles and the Prince Leopold, two former cross-Channel steamers.

Brigadier Charles Haydon was to be overall military commander of the force. I was to command all forces after they landed. It was an ambitious project against a defended area and there was sure to be violent enemy reaction. At long last we would learn if our training had made us the fighting and killing force we were intended to be. I could hardly wait.

At Scapa Flow, I met Admiral Jack Tovey

aboard his flagship, H.M.S. King George V, to discuss the final plans for the raid. The landing place I had chosen, hard by the town of Vaagso, was a rough, rocky shore leading to a low cliff. We had trained for just such rough landings for many months, but we had never made one before the enemy. The admiral was unaware of our skill in this new technique. “This is no good, Slater,” he said. “It’s no place to land troops.” He suggested that it would be easier to land at a little cove some distance along the coast.

I shook my head. “That place would be under too much machine-gun fire,” I said. “Besides, sir, we’ve been practising cliff landing for eighteen months.”

“All right, then,” the admiral agreed, “but your men will all have to swim the last bit.”

“We’ve done it before,” I said, “and we can do it again.” This was not entirely true, for I was certain we could make a dry landing. There was no point in arguing with the navy: they saw it differently from us. They were used to a

nice, tidy, landing place—a beach or a jetty: but they were most co-operative and could always be persuaded.

At this point, the telephone rang on the admiral’s desk. Tovey picked it up, and for the next few minutes answered a rather long discourse from the other end in respectful monosyllables. When he hung up he said, “That was the Prime Minister. What am I going to tell him if the Vaagso raid is a failure?”

“There will be no failure, sir,” I promised. “We shall carry it off.” He seemed pleased at this assurance and raised no further obstacles.

The unit sailed from Scapa Flow on Christmas Eve. Our cross-Channel steamers were not designed for the battering we took in those stormy northern seas. Parts of our ship—the Prince Charles—which should have remained solid came loose. The walls of my cabin began to slide with strange, metallic noises. The ship rolled to sixty degrees, then paused precariously and rolled back just as far the other way. I could



Four German soldiers surrender to a Commando troop. Ninety-eight were captured on the raid—the biggest haul of prisoners to be taken to England since the war began



nothing," writes Durnford Slater. "When one man fell his comrades came forward to press the fighting on"

hear my men singing the Vera Lynn favourite, "Yours." I had to admire their guts. These men were on their way to do battle, many were seasick—yet they sang.

When we arrived at Sollum Voe, in the Shetlands, an inspection revealed that everything forward in the ship was flooded to a depth of fourteen feet. I wondered how we had kept afloat. Guard rails on the fo'c'sle were smashed. The forward gun support was stove in and stores were flooded. At four o'clock on Christmas afternoon a destroyer came alongside and helped to pump 145 tons of water out of the Prince Charles. We were seaworthy again.

The Fleet Moves Off

As night fell on Boxing Day we moved out again for Vaagso with Admiral Tovey covering our approach with the major units of the Atlantic Fleet. The submarine Tuna had preceded us, and was now lying off the entrance to Vaagsfjord to act as navigational beacon on our way in.

Off Vaagsfjord at 7 a.m. we picked up the Tuna as planned. We were getting close. With a surge of excitement, I checked every item of my equipment and put on a clean vest and pair of pants to minimize the risk of infection from wounds. Excitement ran through the ship like a live thing. There was now no thought of seasickness.

We entered the fjord, a spectacular passage between great, snow-covered hills. We were to land at first light—ten minutes to nine. The Prince Charles and Prince Leopold pulled into a small bay. The troops filed into the landing craft and they were lowered to the cold waters of the fjord. Then Kenya, two hundred yards behind us, opened its bombardment of Maaloy Island, where the Germans manned a coast defence battery. We started the run-in.

About a hundred yards from our landing place, I fired ten red Very light signals. This told the ships to stop firing and the aircraft to come in with their smoke bombs. As I leaped from the leading landing craft three Hampden bombers passed over me at zero feet with a roar. As they did they loosed their bombs, which seemed to flash and then mushroomed like miniature atom explosions. Some of the



Brigadier John Durnford Slater, D.S.O. and Bar, was born in 1909 at Instow, Devon, the son of an army officer who was killed in 1914. On his mother's insistence, he followed his father's career, and in 1929 was commissioned in the Royal Artillery. When the call went out after Dunkirk for men to raid the enemy coast, he volunteered and became the first Commando of the war. Today he is bursar at Bedford School. He is married and has one daughter, Jennifer, who is sixteen years of age. In this photograph he and his family are seen at Buckingham Palace in 1942, when he was awarded a D.S.O. for his exploits at Vaagso

phosphorus came back in a great, flaming sheet. Next thing I knew both my sleeves were on fire. Fortunately I wore leather gloves and beat the flames out before they could eat through my four layers of clothing to the skin.

The beaching had been made—dry—against snow-covered rocks which rose thirty or forty feet in an almost sheer wall. For the moment, we were unopposed and hidden from the enemy by smoke. Unfortunately, however, one of the Hampdens was hit by anti-aircraft fire as she came in. Out of control, she dropped a bomb in an incoming landing craft; the phosphorus inflicted terrible burns among the men. The craft, too, burst into flames. Men screamed in sudden panic. Grenades, explosives, and small arms

ammunition were detonated in a mad mixture of battle noises. We pushed the emptied craft out to sea where it could do us no harm, and Sam Corry, our big, efficiently calm Irish doctor, took charge of the casualties. The rest of us turned to the battle.

Vaagso was built on one narrow street, three-quarters of a mile long, which ran parallel to, and about fifty yards from, the fjord. Behind the street—which was lined with unpainted wooden buildings—nearly sheer rocks rose several hundred feet. I heard Johnny Giles, who commanded No. 3 Troop, yell, "Come on, men," and saw him disappear into the smoke.

That was the last I saw of Johnny. Fifteen

Continued on page 43

Señorita of the stolen diamonds

by **BURNHAM CARTER**

ILLUSTRATED BY SHOWELL

The spotlight was full on the girl. The police were watching. How could he possibly pass her the jewels?

IT WILL BE generally admitted that much of the world's colour comes from its places of public refreshment: the British pub, the street cafés of Paris, the German beer halls, the coffee-houses of Central Europe, the tea-houses of the Orient and the American bar.

The sentimental traveller will recall not only the cathedrals and museums, but the flavours of *Kaffee mit Schlagobers* in Vienna, the aroma of the pale-green tea of Tientsin, the foaming steins of Prague and the tall ice-clinking glasses on a terrace in Cairo.

Not the least among these resorts are the cafés of Havana—especially the humbler ones on the narrow streets with their shadowy, tiled interiors, the long mahogany bars with the bottles and the coffee urns and the pineapples, and the perpetual fragrance of rum, limes and tobacco. Of such was the Café Mosca, owned and operated by Tio Martinez and his black-haired wife, the plump and pretty Amelia. The Mosca did not cater to tourists. Its clientele came chiefly from the part of society known as the underworld. There was a time when Tio himself operated with profit and distinction in that area, but, since marriage, he had promised Amelia to resist such temptations, and he had kept that promise with only those deviations that might be expected in a man who hates to let a good thing go by.

He was standing behind the bar one night, neatly clad in an unbleached linen suit, pink shirt and pale green tie, when he heard a sharp "*p-s-s-t*" through the open front of the café. This was a customary method of attracting attention in Havana, and it came from a taxi-driver. Pepe, Amelia's dim-witted but religious brother, who waited on the tables, was standing nearby, and he went out to investigate.

He returned to Tio after a moment to report, "There is a woman in that car who says she is Sarita, the dancer. She wishes to talk with you."

Tio had heard of Sarita. She was a Polish girl, a night club performer who was now at the Casino Nacional, Havana's sumptuous dance-and-gambling hall. She was not a great dancer, but she was popular with the Cubans because she was good looking and blonde, and especially because of her stormy independence, tales of which

were told with gusto along the boulevards.

Tio went to the car—one of Havana's aged touring taxis—and a yellow head and pert and pretty face leaned towards him. "I have something important to ask you," Sarita said. "Get inside with me and ride for a few minutes."

Her manner had that partly imperious, partly coquettish quality which only the young and beautiful can get away with. The request was certainly abrupt, but there was no time to discuss it. The street was so narrow that the wheels of the car nearly touched the kerb on either side, and there were already some ten other cars behind Sarita's. After giving her a moment of grace, they were now blasting their horns with vigour. Tio stepped inside.

"Thank you," Sarita said. The taxi turned a corner and headed for Havana's main boulevard, the wide and handsome Prado, which had a tiled and tree-lined walk running down the middle. There the taxi stopped.

"Let's get out here," Sarita said. "We can sit on a bench and talk."

THIS was the promenade where Havana's families strolled in the evenings while the young bloods eyed the daughters, and the elderly sat on marble benches under the Spanish laurel trees and remembered their youth. Tio and Sarita were hardly noticed as they seated themselves by a poinsettia bush.

"Many people move slowly and carefully to a decision," Sarita observed. "I move with a leap."

"Every man to his method," Tio said.

"A friend tells me you are clever and that you live up to your agreements. So I have decided to ask you to help me."

"You should be a pleasure to help, *señorita*."

"Listen. I was born in Poland. My family was rich. During the war the Communists killed my father and brother and robbed us of everything. Among the family jewels was a diamond pendant, a *lavalère*, with perhaps twenty diamonds. Two nights ago I saw it on the wife of a Communist legation official." Sarita's voice trembled with indignation. She paused and smoothed her pale blue dress on her shapely legs. "I want it back," she said.

"A natural reaction," Tio commented.

"I thought you could get it for me. It is not

so difficult because, once you have the jewel, I am convinced that the Communists will not complain to the police. Headlines about a stolen necklace worn by a minor Communist official would not make good reading in Moscow. And I will give you a thousand dollars."

Tio smiled blandly into Sarita's inquiring blue eyes. "I am only an honest restaurant keeper."

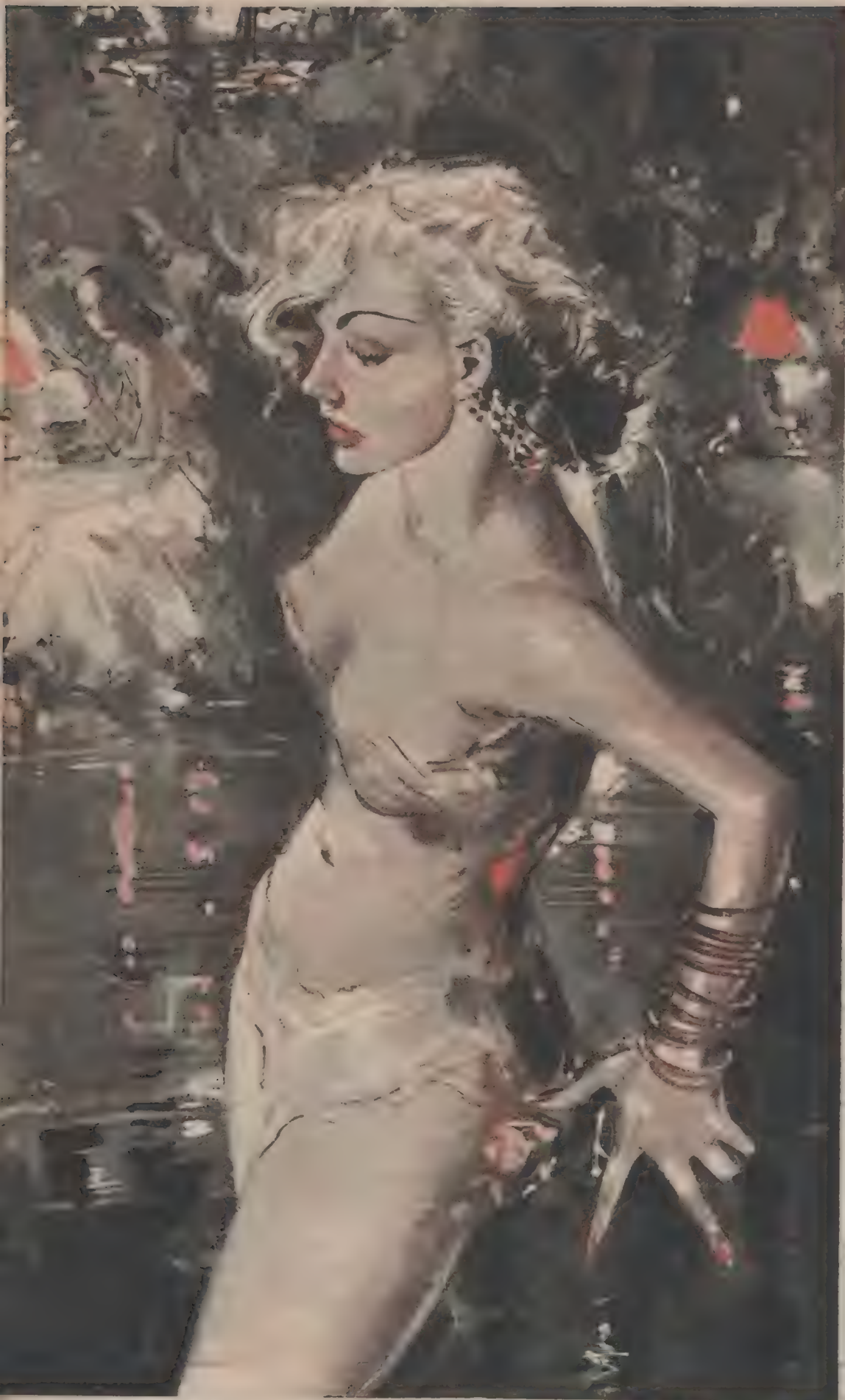
"Yes. This would be merely an extra service in your spare time."

"Perhaps I could introduce you to someone who could be helpful," Tio began.

Sarita waved the suggestion aside. "What



Tio watched the girl weaving and swaying



said reproachfully. "Where have you been?"

"A beautiful blonde—a stranger—hailed me from a passing car and took me for a ride with her," said Tio, who knew the value of honesty when it was incredible.

"Yes, I am sure of it!" Amelia scoffed. "Never mind, I do not care where you have been. But note, please, how many customers we have to take care of!"

"When they see you, Little Flower, they enter."

"Aye, aye! Listen, Tio. We had trouble with the kitchen stove again. And we cannot patch it any more. We shall have to buy a new one."

"If it is necessary, it is necessary," Tio replied grandly.

"Yes, but what with? It would take every penny we have in the bank."

It is not surprising that, at this point, Sarita's pendant flashed on Tio's mind. The condition of the kitchen stove was clearly a sign, and after all, could there be anything wrong in a proposal to recover for one woman a stolen jewel and to procure for another—his own wife—some much-needed equipment? Would it not be wrong to reject it?

"Let me give the problem some thought, my pet," he said.

Tio left the café next evening, ostensibly for Ignacio's poker party, but called at the apartment of Sam, the American taxi-driver, an old customer of the Mosca. Here Tio donned a hired dinner-jacket—the Casino expected its patrons to dress. Sam had provided transport for Tio in several enterprises in the bad old days, and he had the valuable characteristic of being utterly incurious about his assignments as long as they provided him with a few dollars and a little rum.

It was about nine o'clock when they arrived at the Casino gates. This was the fashionable dinner hour, and there was a procession of expensive cars moving towards the pillared portico ahead of them.

As they waited for these to discharge their passengers, they had an opportunity to view the Casino's famed Fountain of Youth facing the entrance on the other side of the driveway. This consisted of eight life-size and lusty nymphs dancing in joyous abandon around a marble basin above a shallow pool of water. A declining moon cast an ivory glow upon the graceful figures, giving the marble a colour remarkably like human flesh.

DISMOUNTING at the Casino door, Tio nodded in a dignified way to the doorman, while Sam drove to the car park in the rear, to roll the dice with other drivers.

Tio had never been to the Casino before, but he entered the white-and-gold foyer, past two obvious house detectives, with the assurance of a man who regards neither himself nor anyone else of any particular importance. Dance music flowed from the main ballroom where Sarita was to perform. The gambling devotees were already beginning to line the tables in the sumptuous gaming-hall, where one could lose money elegantly at roulette, *vingt-et-un*, baccarat, *chemin-de-fer* and poker, while others were crowding the equally sumptuous bar, where one could forget the lost money in some grander dream.

Tio made a brief tour of the establishment, noting the corridor where the Casino offices were. He was returning through the gaming room, heading for Sarita's quarters, when the broad shoulders and smooth, handsome face of Captain Raoul Molina, of the secret police, loomed before him. The captain, as a mere detective, had first encountered Tio when the latter was on the point of lifting a ruby ring from a jewellery counter—an occupation so menial that Tio now shuddered to recall it. They had watched each other rise in life, with considerable respect for each other's abilities.

It cannot be said that Tio now renewed this
Continued on page 35

to the music. As she glided near his table, he softly called her name. Now was the moment

is it?" she said. "Isn't the money enough?"

"Yes, it is enough."

"Is the assignment too difficult?"

"No."

"Is it that you don't believe me?"

"You are hard to disbelieve, *señorita*."

"Then do not say no. Do this much for me at least. Tomorrow night this woman—a Madame Bodinsky—has a table at the Casino for dinner. She will undoubtedly wear the diamonds. Come and judge the scene for yourself. Will you do that?"

There could be no harm—no violation to his

promise to Amelia—in merely looking at the situation. And tomorrow was his night off—his poker night at Ignacio's.

"All right, I'll go there," he said.

She smiled: "Come behind the stage and ask for me."

She rose and held out her hand. "I shall call you Tio, and you may call me Sarita."

"Good night, Sarita."

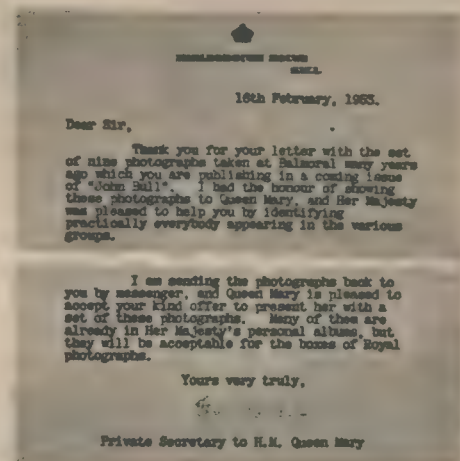
When Tio returned to the café, Amelia was sitting at the cash register, frowning over the ledger.

"You never told me you were going out," she

HISTORIC ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHS

Described for John Bull by Queen Mary

THE photographs on these pages, now published for the first time, were printed from glass negatives found in the studio of James Reid, the village photographer of Ballater, near Balmoral Castle. Covered in dust, they had lain forgotten for so long that no records concerning them could be found. JOHN BULL, therefore, sought the help of Queen Mary, the only living person who could identify members of the British and other Royal Families who appear in these photographs. From her unique personal knowledge, Her Majesty has graciously supplied detailed information. The caption printed below each picture is exactly as provided by Her Majesty, who gives both contemporary and other titles.



"Left to right. Standing: Princess Victoria Eugenie of Battenberg (later Queen of Spain); Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein (later known as Princess Helena Victoria); Grand Duchess of Hesse (born Princess Victoria Melita of Edinburgh: married (secondly) the Grand Duke Kyril of Russia). Seated: Prince Maurice of Battenberg (son of Princess Beatrice and brother of the Queen of Spain); Queen Victoria; Princess Mary of Hesse (born 1895, died 1903, daughter of the Grand Duchess of Hesse)"



"In front: Prince Albert (King George VI); Prince Henry (Duke of Gloucester); Princess Mary (Princess Royal). Behind: Princess of Wales (Queen Alexandra), holding Prince George (Duke of Kent)"



"Left to right. Standing: Duchess of Edinburgh; Princess Victoria of Prussia (daughter of Empress Frederick); Princess Henry of Battenberg (Princess Beatrice of Great Britain). Seated: Queen Victoria; Empress Frederick of Prussia (Princess Royal of Great Britain). Children: seated, Princess Marie of Edinburgh (later Queen of Roumania); above, Princess Alexandra of Edinburgh (later Princess Hohenlohe-Langenburg); above, Princess Victoria of Edinburgh (married Grand Duke of Hesse, and, secondly, Grand Duke Kyril of Russia)"

A profile of James Reid, the man who found these pictures, and an account of his work taking Royal photographs at Balmoral, begins on page 31



"Left to right. Standing: Duke of Connaught; Princess Patricia of Connaught (Lady Patricia Ramsay); Prince of Wales (King Edward VII); Duchess of Connaught; Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein (Princess Helena Victoria); Prince Charles of Denmark (later King Haakon of Norway); Princess Victoria of Wales; Emperor Nicholas II of Russia; Princess Margaret of Connaught (later Crown Princess of Sweden). Seated: Princess of Wales (Queen Alexandra); Empress of Russia (Princess Victoria Alice of Hesse); Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife (Princess Royal); Princess Charles of Denmark (Princess Maud of Wales, later Queen of Norway)"



"Left to right: Groom; Lord Glenesk; Madame Tosti; unknown lady; Tosti (the composer); a foreign pianist; Marquise d'Hautpoule; Duchess of York (Queen Mary); Lady Glenesk; unknown man on step"



"Left to right: Princess Victoria of Wales; Queen Victoria; Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein (later known as Princess Helena Victoria, daughter of Princess Christian)"



"Left to right: a Highlander (not John Brown); a Lady in Waiting or Maid of Honour; Queen Victoria; Indian Orderly"



"Left to right: Princess Mary (Princess Royal); Prince Edward (Duke of Windsor); in front, Prince Albert (King George VI); Queen Victoria"



I ripped out the phone wires and swung round at Vere. Roger didn't even try to help her. She backed away, fumbling for something to throw at me

Fortune is a Woman

by WINSTON GRAHAM

Sarah's disappearance drove me frantic. If only I could find Fisher, there might be some clue. And then I remembered the seductive Mrs. Litchen...

I FELT SICK, as if I'd seen a ghost. Tracey Moreton was dead: I'd seen his body, been present at the inquest. Yet I was now staring at something which, to me, was proof enough that he was still alive. It was a half-smoked herbal cigarette.

I stumbled on this macabre exhibit at Clive Fisher's studio. Fisher, a so-called art expert, had been trying to blackmail my wife Sarah for £14,000. He said he could prove that Tracey, Sarah's first husband, had planned a vast insurance swindle by setting fire to Lowis Manor, his country house in Kent.

I knew this was true. I'm Oliver Branwell: I'm an insurance adjuster by profession, and I was in the Manor on the night of the fire. I'd suspected Tracey of planning something of the sort: I'd even mentioned it, as a hypothetical case, to Henry Dane, one of the cleverest investigators in the business. Thinking the house was empty, I'd driven down to Lowis to

look round at leisure for evidence of fraud.

I'd found it. I'd found Tracey on the floor, surrounded by all the paraphernalia for starting a bogus fire. He was apparently dead; and yet, a few minutes later, I thought I heard his laboured breathing—he was chronically asthmatic—and smelt one of his sickly herbal cigarettes. Then the fire had broken out and got beyond control.

The insurance company paid up £28,000, which Sarah inherited. We decided not to touch it as long as there was any possibility of fraud.

Since our marriage, Sarah and I had rather lost touch with Tracey's friends—Clive and Ambrosine Fisher, and a hard-faced blonde called Vere Litchen. Even old Mrs. Moreton, Tracey's mother, had faded out of our lives. I put this down to her health—she was mildly asthmatic herself, and seldom came to London.

But the Lowis affair persecuted us in an

unnerving way. There was a rumour going round that my car had been seen near Lowis during the fire. A broker called McDonald had accused me of connivance, and I'd knocked him down. A detective had had "a little chat" with me. And an anonymous package had arrived, containing—Tracey's signet ring.

If Tracey were alive...

I slipped the cigarette stub into my pocket. At all costs, Sarah must not see it.

PART 6

Where Is Clive Fisher?

ON the Saturday morning, I didn't go down to the office. Instead, I helped Sarah move our belongings from George Street to the new flat.

In the ordinary way this would have been an exciting weekend: our first move into a place of our own. But now it all seemed perfunctory, as

Continued on page 38

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

I take the plunge and buy a farm

As boys, Jimmy and his brother had dreamed of becoming farmers—and now they had a farm of their own. True, it was ramshackle, but in it they saw the start of a great adventure

WHILE THE POPULARITY of *Take It From Here* was steadily growing, I was also lucky enough to be establishing a reputation on the stage. George and Alfred Black were willing to take a chance on me as early as 1949, when they offered me an extensive tour of all the No. 1 music halls in the British Isles. So, for thirty long weeks, I travelled round the country in a revue called *Sky High*.

With me in the show were Freddie Frinton, that lovable north country comedian, and Joyce Golding—a raucous and entertaining comedienne with a voice of remarkable range. The tour was an exhausting but valuable experience. A great deal of the time I had to motor down from the north at weekends to do a recording of the broadcast. I must have covered several thousand miles in this way.

In the past it has become almost axiomatic that radio personalities do not transfer successfully to the West End stage. Early in 1950, Jack Hylton decided it was time to test out the strength of the *Take It From Here* trio in a stage presentation. The Victoria Palace was empty for a few weeks while the Crazy Gang was preparing a new revue, and he offered us the opportunity of going in there at the head of a variety bill.

I was not keen on the idea, as it was clearly a stop-gap show, but Dick Bentley felt sure it could do us nothing but good. How right he was! During our five weeks' run there was never an empty seat, and the laughs came thick and fast. The success of the show can be judged from the fact that we were transferred to the Prince of Wales Theatre immediately, where we ran for a further nine weeks. This snap decision to go into the Victoria Palace for a short season stands out clearly as a turning point in my career. From then on I was to be almost continuously engaged in stage shows.

From the Prince of Wales, the three of us went to the Winter Gardens Pavilion, Blackpool, for a summer season. Blackpool was, as usual, full of stage personalities that year. Opposite us at the Opera House were Tessie O'Shea, Nat Jackley and Terry-Thomas. Jimmy Jewel and Ben Warriss were at the Hippodrome, and the monumental Irish tenor, Josef Locke, was at the Grand.

Off duty, we enjoyed ourselves in many different ways. There was plenty of golf, and I managed to reduce my handicap from twenty-four to seventeen. I had also brought my



Jimmy and his brother Alan on their farm in Sussex. Scriptwriter Frank Muir, who was once a professional photographer, took the picture

As a boy, Jimmy always wanted a horse of his own. He now keeps several on his farm, and rides regularly with the Southdown Hunt



Blackpool score a goal in the charity match against Charlie Chester's team of comedians. In the second half Jimmy the goalkeeper gave up and hung his washing across the goalmouth



The outstanding charity event of that Blackpool season undoubtedly was Charlie Chester's crazy football match between the Blackpool Football Club and a team composed of Charlie (who was our captain), Nat Jackley, Terry-Thomas, Jerry Desmonde, Arthur Haynes, Frederick Ferrar, myself and several others. The Blackpool football stadium was packed for that match. In the first half we were instructed to do our best to play real football—to be funny—but in the second half we went to town with deliberately planned fooling. The crowd laughed loud and long. I was in goal and spent my time hanging washing up across the goalmouth and busking on my euphonium to the spectators behind me.

Jerry-Thomas appeared for this second half dressed immaculately in evening dress jacket, bow-tie, carnation, long cigarette holder, and shooting-stick. Below decks he wore only the rules.

Charlie Chester's Match

Withdrew to his dressing-room to amend the triumphantly bore off the trophy, and Terry his horse up with great difficulty. Jerry all. He passed the winning-post first and pulled by us, one by one, as if we were not moving at have stopped his mount if he had tried—hashing he was off, and from that moment he couldn't trouble getting his horse started. Then, at last, my shoulder and saw that Jerry was having lengths ahead of the field. I glanced back over packed sand, and in no time I was fourteen the mark, galloping beautifully along the hard-race. We were away! Doodles was first off Tessie O'Shea, magnificently large, started evidence of fear.

which Jerry climbed gingerly, with every two-year-old thoroughbred racehorse, on to in Doncaster. Out of it a groom led a sleek beach with a horse-box from a friend's stables. When the day arrived, Nat was there on the it was a bolder plan than I could have believed. that they had hatched some sort of plot, but during the last few days before the race, I knew From chance remarks that Jerry passed happens, Terry must not win!

"He can't get away with that. Whatever else Desmonde heard of it, he said to Nat Jackley: "fastest horse there for himself. When Jerry off to the local riding school and booked the determined to win at all costs. He had hurried race. It soon became clear that Terry was others and myself, all put our names in for the in *South Pacific*—Terry-Thomas, two or three Grant—who was in our show and is now singing Nat dropped out, but Jerry Desmonde, Peter

Dark Horse Won The Race

"You haven't done any riding for years." "It's too dangerous for you," she pointed out. wife, Marianna, curbed his enthusiasm quickly. to enter *Le Petit Prix*. But Nat Jackley's The idea caught on. Everybody was eager *Prix*," he added.

enter the race, too. "We'll call it *Le Petit Prix*," he added. "It would be grand publicity!" I thought it over. "It seems to be an awful lot of bother for that," I said. Terry looked at me. "My dear fellow," he said, blinking his eyes in a way he has so that all I could see were two globes of white, "my dear fellow, publicity is a particular hobby of mine."

Then he said it would be an even better idea if we got as many as possible of the other theatricals who were playing in Blackpool to enter the race, too. "We'll call it *Le Petit Prix*," he added. "It would be grand publicity!" I thought it over. "It seems to be an awful lot of bother for that," I said. Terry looked at me. "My dear fellow," he said, blinking his eyes in a way he has so that all I could see were two globes of white, "my dear fellow, publicity is a particular hobby of mine."

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Continued on page 46

The audience roared with laughter. An audience always seems more sympathetic when an artist is working under difficulties. This was just as well for me. I plunged into my routine, dragging it out longer and longer. I sang; I played the euphonium, the cornet and the trombone; I went through every gag I could remember. Just in time to rescue me from drying up completely, the curtain began to rise slowly. I thought my troubles were over, but—to my dismay—it stuck again, shoulder-high. I got under it and pretended to lift it. There was no further sign of movement. I had one

you want me," I added. "Now you've got me where curtain went up. "Now you've got me where be able to get off the stage again until the what had happened and told them I would not and left me to it. I explained to the audience orchestra pit. Then she took the ladder away with it climbed up on to the stage over the aisle, ringing it loudly. I carried a ladder, and Bentley, I told her to precede me down the the audience. Handing my school bell to Miss backstage, I had to make my entrance through auditorium was now completely sealed off from get started—in front of the curtain." As the "Nonsense," I said. "Let's go out there and Bentley, the stage manageress.

gave them their money back," moaned Fiona able to go on with the show. "We'll have to be made. It looked as if we would not be that it would take time for emergency repairs It stuck obstinately down, and it was obvious broke.

went to raise it again, a chain in the mechanism interval but, unfortunately, when the stage crew the iron safety curtain was lowered during the night by an unexpected complication. As usual, stint at the Winter Gardens was relieved one The inevitable monotony of our twice-nightly

Curtain Stuck Down

man. The game was over. team rushed off the field, theatre-wards, as one to his theatre immediately?" Of course, our the most popular star in Blackpool please report microphone throughout the afternoon. "Would Len Marten, who had been busy with the urgent message has just been received," said ment was made over the loudspeaker. "An It was soon after this that a flash announce-

buckets of water! decided to bring an element of the excitement of rugby into the game. Watching for an opportunity, I grasped the ball in both hands and determined to run up to the other end of the field and score a try. But I knew I would never get through if I tried to charge straight past the opposing team. So I darted into the stand and, shouting to people to get out of the way, weaved through the spectators emerging at the other end of the field to plant the ball triumphantly behind their goal line. It was a brave gesture, but it exhausted me. I flopped on the ground, gasping for breath, but quickly got to my feet when I saw two of our "trainers" beating down on me armed with buckets of water!

Jimmy's Grandstand Try

Soccer has never been my forte, and I decided to bring an element of the excitement of rugby into the game. Watching for an opportunity, I grasped the ball in both hands and determined to run up to the other end of the field and score a try. But I knew I would never get through if I tried to charge straight past the opposing team. So I darted into the stand and, shouting to people to get out of the way, weaved through the spectators emerging at the other end of the field to plant the ball triumphantly behind their goal line. It was a brave gesture, but it exhausted me. I flopped on the ground, gasping for breath, but quickly got to my feet when I saw two of our "trainers" beating down on me armed with buckets of water!

A little later they saw him provide the high-spot of the entire afternoon and retrieve the prestige he had lost in the horse-race episode. For a reason known only to himself, Terry seated himself in the goalmouth on his shooting stick. Then a swift Blackpool forward darted in to shoot at goal from near the penalty spot. The ball went straight for the goal, just over Terry's head. Calmly, nonchalantly, as if he had rehearsed it for months, he raised one hand and coolly deflected the ball over the top of the net. Terry removed his cigarette holder and bowed to the roars of applause and laughter.

by his dinner jacket, and there were "oohs" and "aahs" from the ladies as he came on. briefest of shorts which were completely covered

JOHN BULL PRESENTS A SPRING GUIDE TO BRIGHTER LIVING

HAVE A GO AT HOME DECORATING

with WILFRED PICKLES

ALTHOUGH I NEVER WAS MUCH of a handyman, I have learned a thing or two about home-making since Mabel and I were married twenty-two years ago. In that time, being roamers, we have had nine homes; today, we keep two going—a house standing on its own at Disley, Cheshire, and a flat in Devonshire Street, London. Both are very much “home” to us and we spend a lot of thought on their upkeep. A few weeks ago we had the decorators in. I was so impatient to get on with our planned furniture layout that I kept getting under the workmen’s feet.

To curb me a bit, Mabel recalled some of my ill-starred efforts to put things right with paint and hammer. The worst incident occurred just before the war. I took it into my head to install a new fireplace in the living-room. I kept referring to a handyman’s guide, which said that tiles should be placed into a wet mixture of sand and cement. My mixture must have been too wet—at any rate, the tiles floated like goldfish in a bowl. The new surround wouldn’t fit into the space, and I had to chisel away chunks of brickwork.

There was also the time when I tried to improve the french windows with strips of lead in a design of

squares; unfortunately the lead slipped into wavy lines. For weeks I was thankful when night came and we could draw the curtains!

Now and again I *have* had a successful hand in home-building. I have done some effective carpet-laying and wallpapering, and I positively enjoy polishing furniture. Once, when we were plagued with field mice, I found the airbrick they were using and sealed it with fine wire mesh—the most successful gadget I have ever made.

As we are a nation of handymen I have no doubt you will find the tips in the pages by my fellow-Yorkshireman, W. P. Matthew, most useful. One of the things that has struck me on my journeys around Britain is the difference a little ingenuity and effort—and not necessarily much money—can make between a house and a home.

Perhaps the most important single aspect of home-decoration is the state of the front door and windows. Recently, I got one of the best interviews I’ve had in *Can I Come In?* when I called at a London house just because it had a bright and cheerful front door in natural wood and the window surrounds in off-white.

Wilfred Pickles



USE THESE



As flats go, our London home is anything but tiny—yet we felt all along that the hall, a narrow passage linking all the rooms, was a bit of a squeeze, and that the living-room had a cramped look.

So, after putting things off for too long, we called in the decorators. We had the cream walls of the living-room changed to very pale green and the ceiling, which was also cream, altered to match our rust carpet. The few pictures we have in the room are now hung at different levels.

The whole effect has been to give an impression of space without loss of cosiness. It is a fairly lofty room and the rather dark ceiling—I was worried about that!—seems to have squeezed the room down a little and made it more intimate. A more delicate shade might work out better in a room with a normal-height ceiling.

In the hall, we have had one wall done in a bold wallpaper design, showing Grecian vases in terra-cotta, with leaves in ivory, on a pleasant grey background.

The opposite wall is entirely grey, the ceiling is terra-cotta, and the skirting boards and doors are ivory. This combination appears to have pushed out the walls.

It's all a mirage, I know, but now I don't get the feeling that I have to take in a deep breath every time I open the front door.



"It's a mirage, but we seem to have pushed out the walls"



Jeanne Heal's Striking Family Album

JEANNE HEAL, the TV interviewer, dislikes having small ornaments about the house, particularly framed photographs. "Apart from their unsightliness, they take up too much dusting time," she says. Being the mother of two children, however, she has decided upon a compromise for displaying favourite family snapshots.

A dado rail runs along her staircase, thus making a wooden "wall" reaching three feet up along the real wall. The dado ledge is just over an inch broad. It levels off at the turn of the

stairway for a straight run of six and a half feet. Jeanne decided to brighten the wall above the level dado.

First, she bought a large sheet of white cardboard six feet four inches long—two inches short of the wall length. She then cut it fifteen inches high and carefully gummed thirty-four photographs on to the cardboard. This initial selection covered about half the area available for display.

A piece of lightweight picture glass was cut to the same length as the cardboard and placed into two-inch-thick, L-shaped frames. Each frame

was six feet six inches long and fourteen inches high, the "foot" of each L representing the height. A groove to contain the glass and cardboard edges was cut with a small gauge chisel, and the L ends were fitted together to form an oblong frame six feet six inches by fifteen inches. The entire structure is clamped to the wall with eight wall plugs.

From time to time, the two frames are unscrewed, and new snapshots are added to this striking adaptation of the old-fashioned family album.

A Home For The Ustinov Gramophone

PETER USTINOV has had a commodious yet compact gramophone built in the form of an ordinary three-shelfed bookcase. Anyone possessing a fretwork set and a quantity of good mahogany could, he says, make one similar. The actual gramophone apparatus must, of course, be bought separately.

In the preliminary stages, it must be thought of as a bookcase, four feet high, eighteen inches deep and three to three and a half feet long.

The shelves and two uprights having been cut to length, supporting

bars, fifteen inches long, are made. After accurately setting their positions, they should be screwed into the uprights. The shelves are then screwed on top of the bars.

The back board is nailed on next. It should be fixed to the back edge of each shelf, as well as to the tops and sides. For added security, a narrow plinth should be fitted round the bottom.

The top shelf becomes a cabinet by means of a panel fixed to it with three hinges. Two chains connect the panel with the inside walls and

prevent it from dropping below horizontal level when opened. The panel can be pulled up and down at will, like a desk flap. Two small knobs, glued on, serve as handles.

The gramophone turntable is secured to two metal rails by means of castors. These should be installed by a radio mechanic. The rails being jointed in the middle, they can be unfolded across the flap and the gramophone pulled forwards for free use when the flap is down.

The two lower shelves are used by Ustinov for storing albums and records.



STAR IDEAS IN YOUR OWN HOME

Dirk Bogarde Disguises An Eyesore

FOR some months after he moved in, Dirk Bogarde's rambling country home, a converted Buckinghamshire farmhouse, contained what he considered to be "a terrible eyesore." It was a rickety door leading direct from his study into the scullery. This peculiar arrangement was due to the fact that the study was once a dairy, and the scullery an annexe.

"I brooded about this for a while, then got to work," says Dirk. There was already another entrance to the scullery. Noticing that the wall to which the door was fixed was

extremely thick, he removed the "eyesore" from its hinges and nailed it back again on the scullery side of the wall, securing it with a specially constructed wooden frame, thus creating a study-alcove. The floor of this alcove was an irregularly shaped stone step, formerly on the scullery side of the door and rising several inches above the study floor.

Bogarde made the doorway draught-proof, nailing panels of thin boarding across it and covering them with the same wallpaper as that already hung in his study. More strips of boarding

and wallpaper were placed along the sides and top of the newly formed alcove, giving it a uniform lining with the rest of the room.

Into this were fitted shelves of inch-thick pine, the shelves being of varying widths to accommodate different sized books and display pieces of china. The bottom shelf is just a foot wide, resting on the stone step, and is used for storing large correspondence files. The step itself is completely hidden by Essex boarding, nailed together at the corners, which effectively boxes in the unsightly stone.



Magic Of The Digby Morton Mirrors

TO give space and depth to a small dining recess, fashion designer Digby Morton panelled one of the walls with mirrors. Striking effects can be obtained by partial panelling—subject to a careful check on the strength and condition of the wall to be covered.

First measure the area you wish to cover, paying particular attention to the size and shape of doors, mantel-shelves or other fixtures. (The Digby Mortons glass-panelled a door as well.) Your local glass merchant will then cut each panel to fit exactly, allowing

for structural variations and fixtures. Generally, quarter-inch plate glass is used for this purpose.

The wall should be battened with thin strips of wood to help secure the panels and spread the weight. If there is any suggestion of dampness, have each panel backed with lead foil. To make screw-holes in the glass, it is advisable to use a drill, the tip of which has been impregnated with diamond dust.

One of the difficulties when fixing wall mirrors is the tendency of walls to "belly out" in places, causing

the glass to crack, even in cases where the walls have been battened. This can be avoided by purchasing from a chemist a short length of 1/6-inch thick rubber tubing, cutting it into small pieces which may then be slipped over the screws to act as buffers between the wall and the glass.

Mirror screws for household panelling are usually three-quarter inch. They should be tapped and threaded down the centre to take either a faceted glass rosette or a metal screw head, to appear as a decorative stud.

Googie Withers Saves Mother's Time

GOOGIE WITHERS has a simple way of preserving the neatness of her nursery. Like all busy mothers, she found that her efforts to keep the place tidy were continually defeated by the way her two-and-a-half year old daughter's belongings became scattered in all directions.

She solved the problem by installing a two-tiered trolley in the room, upon which could be arranged all the things which might be needed during the day.

This mobile wardrobe, toilet rack, shoe cupboard, toy cupboard and

canteen can be trundled after the child, according to its routine.

It consists of four posts, into which two tiers of rails are mortised and tenoned all round. Resting on the rails are two trays, with strips to prevent things from falling off.

The posts should be 2 ft. long and 1 1/2 in. square. Any cheap wood, such as deal, can be used. The rails should be planed from 1 in. wood to 3/4 in. to reduce the weight.

Tray bottoms are housed into the posts and shouldered. Care must be taken to ensure that the screw-heads

of the bottoms will not be in the way of the heads of the screws in the rails. Trolley castors should be rubber-tyred for silent running, as the trolley comes in for quite a lot of movement during the day. The trolley itself can be painted to harmonize with the nursery colour scheme.

Googie Withers says: "Tidiness apart, hours are saved simply through knowing exactly where to lay your hands on things." This is especially important for Googie, because her child's nursery is a large room—a converted studio at the top of the house.



Out Comes The Gingold Fireplace

WHEN Hermione Gingold moved into a small house near Hyde Park, she had the wall dividing her front and back parlours removed. Each of these former rooms contained a fireplace. She decided to retain only one in the newly enlarged room. Miss Gingold found that furnishing can be considerably simplified by the removal of a fireplace.

"The actual removal of the fireplace is easy," she says. "It is usually secured to the brickwork by iron lugs. Chop away the plaster until you find them and then lever them

loose with a heavy chisel or iron bar. The fireplace will come away in one piece."

The hearth need not be disturbed, but simply covered with lino after the job is finished.

A ragged surround of brickwork with a hole in the middle is now left. This can be filled up with any old bricks and secured with mortar made out of four parts of sand to one part of cement.

Little skill is required for this part of the job. It is merely a matter of filling up the hole and furnishing

groundwork for the finishing plaster.

Plastering must be done in two coats, the first of a coarse mixture about half an inch thick and the second of fine mixture to face up the job. Use a plasterer's trowel, and score the first coat with diagonal scratches with the edge of the trowel.

Finally, the skirting must be fixed round the base. If the skirting on the walls has a moulded top edge, it may be possible to match it at a timber yard; otherwise a joiner can match it. The skirting will have to be fixed firmly to the wall with plugs.

Bebe Daniels Makes A Statue Lampstand

BEBE DANIELS successfully combines a flair for making lampstands with a passion for collecting china statuettes.

She places the base of the statue on a piece of wood two inches thick and large enough to accommodate the base of the statue with at least two inches to spare. She draws a line round the base, then carves with a chisel a one-and-a-half-inch deep cavity into which the base of the statue can be sunk.

A hole is drilled one and a half inches deep down the back of the

base (that part facing the wall when the statue has been fitted), into which a hollow half-inch-wide brass rod may be fixed. This is bored into from the side. The bottom of the base is covered with green baize felt, fixed with glue.

The rod, which acts as a conduit for the flex, should be fitted vertically, allowing the flex to emerge through the side borehole. The base can be carved to a pattern or simply sand-papered.

The statue should be inserted first, setting it firm and level into the

carved cavity and, filling in with plaster of paris or plastic wood.

"Ask your electrician to put a half-inch-long thread at the top of the rod, to take a standard fitting lamp-holder," says Bebe Daniels. "He should also make a thread, one inch in length, at the other end. This will hold the rod secure and prevent it from rocking. Be sure that the flex is threaded through the conduiting rod and the wooden base before screwing rod and base together." The conduit should rise from four to six inches above the head of the statue.



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DO YOUR OWN PAPERING



You can't go wrong this way, says W. P. Matthew



"Panels are outlined in pencil on the wall"



"Paste the paper and fold over the ends"



"Edge must be straight along the pencil line"



"Trim off the paper to meet the skirting"

THE most unusual wallpapering I have ever seen was at a writer's house: he had covered one wall with rejection slips—a sort of "blues" theme, I suppose. Yet this was not much more unorthodox than a bedroom I was shown last year. It was papered with the efforts of the youngest member of the household to emulate Picasso. Many of the up-to-date wallpaper designs are too much for me, but the fashion seems to be catching on of having all four walls of a lounge or a bedroom decorated in a different style. Not long ago I paid a visit to a Midlands home where they had decorated one wall in a bold monotone, another in blue with small white spots, a third in rose pink and the fourth in a sort of Stonehenge design. Variety may be good for the imagination—but what about the digestion!

MOST people, when attempting paperhanging for the first time, tend to tackle too much at once. They set out to do a complete job instead of taking it in a little at a time.

The snags in the job are the cutting and fitting of the paper round doors, windows, corners, light switches, and so on, and the handling of long lengths of sticky paper. I have started dozens of people on the way to becoming amateur paperhangers, and I have always found a way of dodging these snags altogether for the first job or two. Later on, practice gives confidence and facility, and the more awkward bits become easier and easier.

LAST spring, I was showing Freda Bamford, the actress, how to do various decorating jobs on television, and when it came to paperhanging the cameras opened up on her struggling with a long length of paper and looking like a carelessly wrapped Egyptian mummy. In the scheme I am going to propose we shall not be using lengths of much more than a couple of yards, and we shall do no awkward cutting and fitting. Yet we shall have a scheme which will be really attractive in the modern manner.

In the majority of rooms there are two walls unbroken by either door or window. I suggest panels of wallpaper on those two walls and on the walls of the recesses on either side of the fireplace. The rest of the wall surface is treated with washable distemper or with emulsion paint. A border of nine or twelve inches is allowed on each side of the panels and the same distance from the picture rails. If there is no picture rail, the border is measured from the top of the door frame.

The contrast between the colour and texture of the wallpaper and the wall paint adds interest to the scheme, and there is the further advantage that, when redecorating, the walls may be washed and only the panels re-papered. I suggest, too, that a mottled rather than a patterned type of paper be used so as to avoid the trouble of matching the pattern when hanging.

PANELS are outlined in pencil on the wall and then measured for wallpaper, allowing eleven and a half yards of paper twenty-one inches wide to each roll. Have the paper trimmed at both edges at the shop, and at the same time buy enough narrow paper border to enclose the panel edges. The border may be quite rich in colour to set off the panels.

As for tools, you will want a pair of scissors and a brush. A proper wallpaper brush is best, of course, but you can do a small job of this kind with a clean clothes brush. You will

also need a brush with which to put on the paste. Use paste powder for the paste. It is very reliable and easy to mix.

Now to set the stage. Start tidily by putting any furniture remaining in the room in the middle of the floor. Bring in the kitchen table to paste on, and have also a big clean cloth to wipe up any paste splashes and to keep your hands clean.

CUT off a few lengths of paper to the height of the panels plus a couple of inches. Lay these face downward on the table. Spread them out so that the whole of the table top is covered, then there will be no danger of paste getting on the table and from there to the face of the paper.

The first length can now be pasted and the ends folded over as you see in the picture. Carry it over to the left-hand side of one of the panels, unfold the top fold, and hold up the paper by the fingers and thumbs at the top edge. Hold it just clear of the wall and, when the edge hangs straight along the pencil line at the side of the panel, bring it gently to the wall, where it will stick. The lower fold is now unfolded and the whole length brushed smoothly back to the wall. I know that sounds easy—and after a little practice there is really nothing to it.

AT the bottom the paper will overhang the skirting by the two inches we allowed in the length, and this has to be trimmed off. This is done by first brushing the paper hard into the angle formed by the top of the skirting and the wall and then drawing the point of the scissors across it. Now if you pull the paper gently away from the wall you will see a clearly defined crease across it. Cut

GIVE THE JOB THE PROFESSIONAL TOUCH

WHEN plaster surfaces are stripped or washed off for redecorating, there are invariably cracks or holes to be repaired. Unless this is done carefully, the whole job will be ruined. With an old knife, cut away any loose, crumbling plaster, especially at the edges, which should be undercut so that the hole is slightly larger inside than it appears on the surface. This gives the filling a secure grip.

For small places, use the proprietary fillers sold in decorators' shops. Before filling each place, wet it very thoroughly, or the water in the filling will soak away into the old plaster, leaving a powder which will drop out. Overfill each place, as shrinkage may occur during drying. When the filling is hard, smooth and level with glasspaper.

Fillings on surfaces which are to be covered with pale coloured distempers



"Matthew shows how to put on the paste: 'After a little practice, there is really nothing to it'"

along this crease, brush the paper back and you will have a perfect fit.

Carry on with full widths of paper, keeping the edges a close fit to the preceding length, until you find you need a narrow strip to complete the panel. Cut this from a pasted and folded length, and use the remainder of that length as the first piece on the next panel.

There, as I promised, is a wall-papering job with no cutting or fitting, no matching of pattern, and no long lengths of paper to get entangled with.

YOU will make the usual beginner's mistakes, of course; you will fiddle with the first length until you poke your fingers through it; you may get pasty finger-marks on the face of the paper, or make one or two bad fits at the skirting edge. So buy a little more paper than you need.

The border, trimmed at the shop, will be child's play to paste and hang. Cut the corners to a neat forty-five degrees, like the corners of a picture frame, and keep the edge exactly to the pencil line. Another advantage of this style of decoration is that, if the wallpaper is not a close fit to the line, the border will cover up any mistakes.

Instead of the paper border, you can use a narrow painted wood strip, nailed to the wall, and this makes a bold and attractive finish.

should be given an extra coat and allowed to dry before the whole surface is distempered.

FLOORBOARDS tend to shrink after a time, leaving draughty and unsightly gaps. They can be filled with builders' laths, planed to fit, then glued and driven in tightly and afterwards planed off level.

There is another way, which any housewife can tackle: make your own plastic filling. Tear a newspaper into small pieces, place in a bucket, cover with water and leave overnight. Next day, pour off excess water and mash the paper, like potatoes, into a smooth, heavy paste. Add some flour paste to the mashed paper, mixing into a sticky, plastic putty. Fill this into the gaps with a knife. It will set hard in a few hours and can be smoothed down level with glasspaper. It will take stain, just like wood.

MAKE THE MOST OF COLOUR

WHATEVER OTHER alterations you may make in your home, the key to their success is colour. A dull colour scheme can make the best of rooms uninviting; a clever scheme can make the worst of houses seem more attractive.

It is best to ally two warm colours (reds and yellows) to one cold colour (blues, greens, greys). A good way to start planning is to buy a cheap paintbox and try out colour combinations. Clear colours are preferable to muddy browns, greens and rusts. Dark shades bring a surface nearer; pastel shades give an illusion of depth. Blue, green and yellow are restful shades. In low rooms, it may be best to remove the picture rails and take the colour up to the ceiling.

The paintings in the centre show what can be done in an average house, merely by making imaginative use of new colours and wallpapers.



Anyone can paint a front door. Glossy black, the hardest-wearing of all paints, goes well with white for the main woodwork. A yellow door brightens every home-coming—and the street. Your neighbours might follow your example and present to the world a colourful row of red, blue and green front doors.



A sunblind outside the french windows is a practical idea; if the doors are painted to match, you get what is, in effect, an outside room. In the winter, the blind can be taken down and stored away.

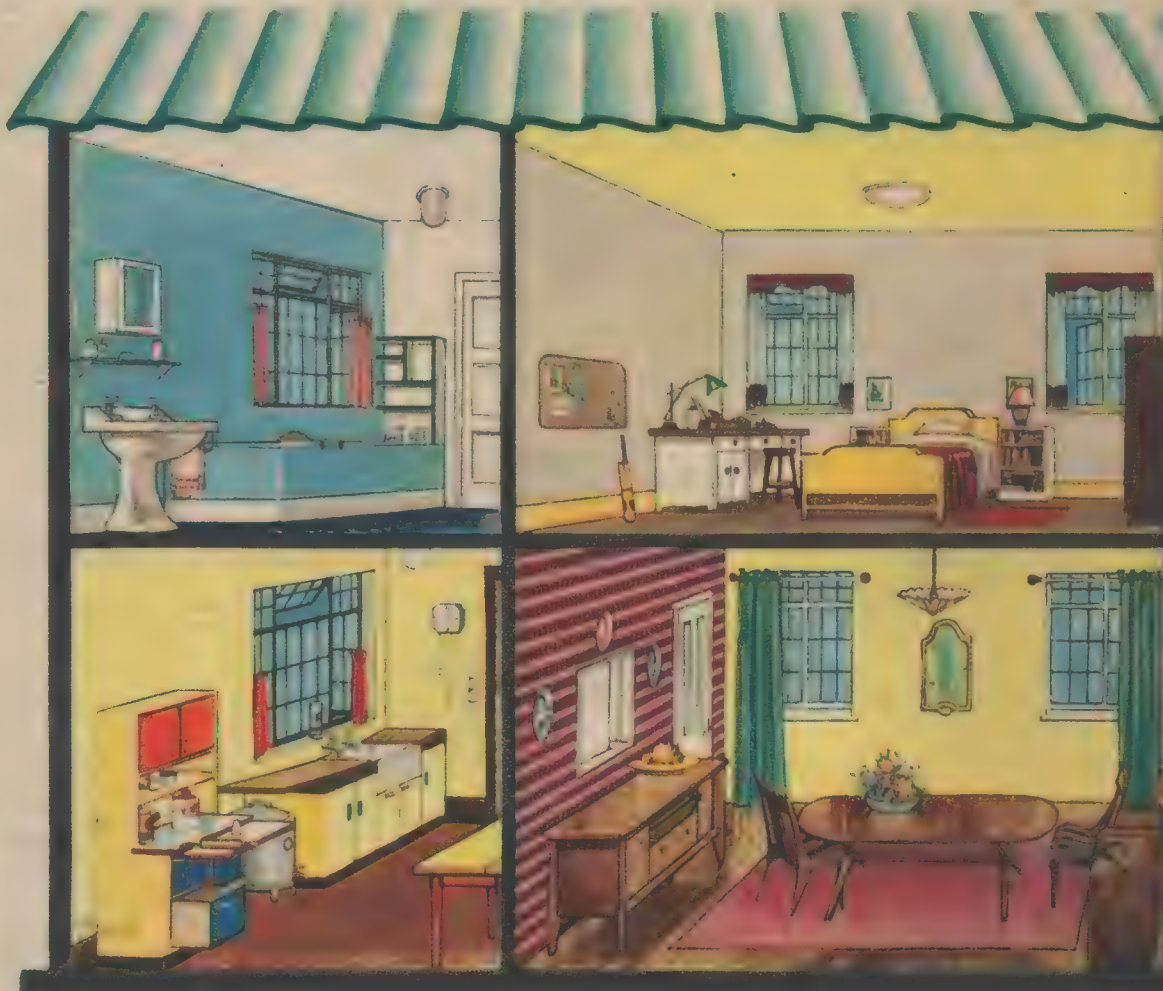
TURN OVERLEAF FOR INSTRUCTIONS ON HOW TO MAKE THIS AND OTHER IDEAS ON THESE PAGES

John Bull Supplement—Page 6



THE TWO HOUSES pictured in sections on this page are identical but for the paint and wallpaper, yet they look entirely different. In the brown-roofed house above, the hall is not very welcoming, although it is the first room a visitor sees; the porridge-coloured walls neither contrast nor

complement yellow-brown paint—and colour should always do one or the other. In the living-room, the brown walls absorb light. Few rooms are sunny enough to stand a whole scheme based on cold colours, yet upstairs in the main bedroom the basic colour is blue. A touch of lilac or pink might help here.

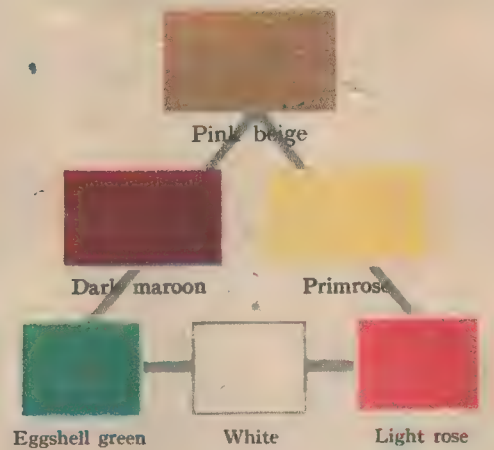
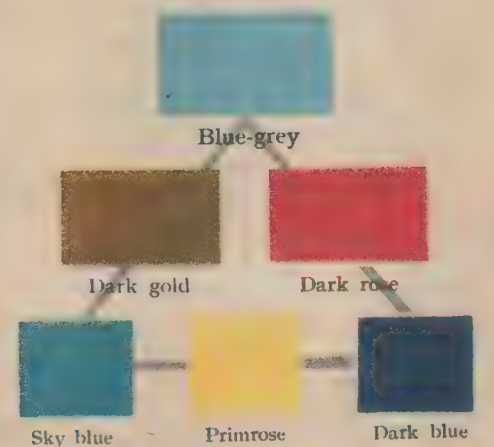


NARROW ROOMS need brilliant colours, and the kitchen of the green-roofed house has some useful touches. Paint has transformed an old cabinet. The hatchway wall in the dining-room has wallpaper pasted across so that the stripes are horizontal. (The trick of painting or papering one wall in a

different style can give character to a box-like room.) Upstairs, the boy's room is a playroom as well, with grey distempered walls which will not easily get dirty. Brightness comes from a yellow ceiling. In the bath-room, one sky-blue wall gives an illusion of space. The bath is squared off with board.

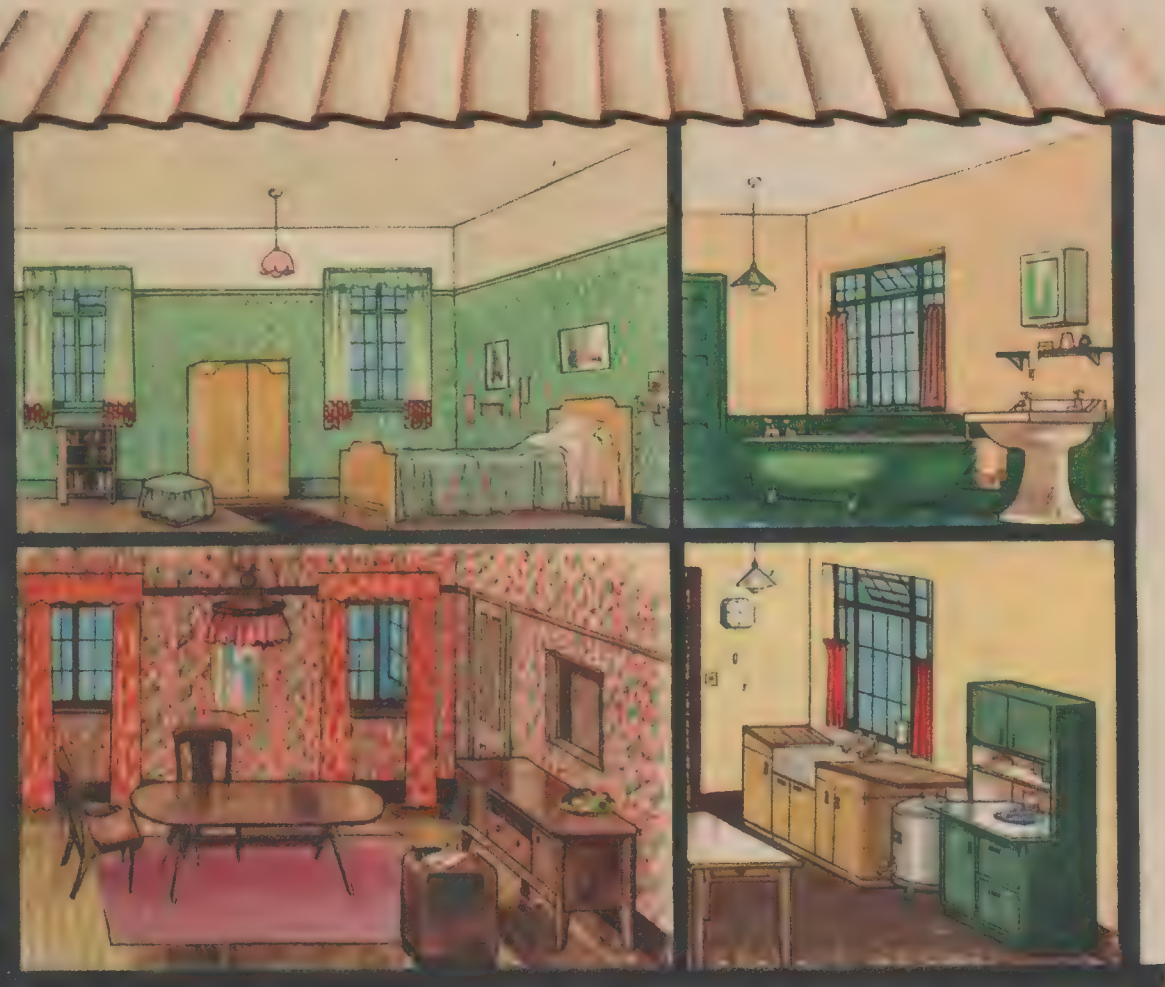
GOOD MIXERS

HERE ARE four suggestions for colour combinations, devised in co-operation with the British Colour Council. When planning a room, look at the chart whose basic colour (top line) is the same as your main feature, which could be walls, ceiling or carpet. Then, if possible, introduce the colours on the second line as secondary colours, those on the third line as third colours.



AT THE green-roofed house next door, which is pictured above, the visitor gets a very different first impression, for the hall sets the pace. The blue wallpaper has a bold pattern that is cleverly balanced with large areas of white. Along the staircase, the wallpaper is made into a mock banister, to

protect the white walls. In the living-room, alcoves are papered in a contrasting colour to give variety to a conventionally shaped room. Upstairs, in the main bedroom, chocolate brown makes a sharp contrast to mushroom. The colour is in solid areas, with no picture rails and frieze to give it a bitty look.



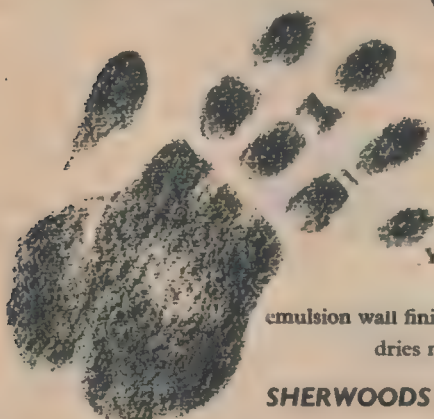
CREAM WALLS in the kitchen of the brown-roofed house reflect plenty of light, but there could be a warm tone as well to make it brighter. The dining-room has two strong patterns, in wallpaper and curtains, right next to each other; but both pattern and colour are rather oppressive. Upstairs, the

boy's bedroom is a pretty place to sleep in, but it should be a playroom, too; the parents will find that the delicate green wallpaper will be difficult to keep clean. The bathroom is already small and box-like; the old trick of painting the top half one colour and the bottom half another merely accentuates the shape.



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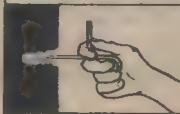
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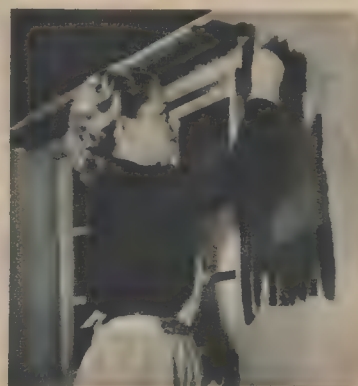


DRIVE SCREW

GIVE PAINT

Step by step with W. P. Matthew

To the beginner, painting seems deceptively easy. Usually, disillusionment follows swiftly, for old paint surfaces are dirty, greasy and gritty. Preparation is not difficult, but it must be thorough. Dissolve a packet of decorator's sugar soap in two gallons of warm water and wash the surface. While it is still wet, take a bit of pumice stone or an abrasive block and give it a good rubbing. Then wash it down thoroughly with clean water.



Buy the best paint, with its Bundercoating. Begin with a series of vertical strokes, each overlapping the previous one. When you have done that, you have probably applied too much paint. Cross the vertical strokes with the horizontal ones, and you will find that you are gathering up the surplus paint; wipe this back into the tin. Then finish the area with more vertical strokes, using no pressure at all, and the tip of the brush only.

If, instead of painting a wall or upright panel, you are painting the horizontal rail of a door or window, the final strokes will, of course, be horizontal, too. If you are painting up to an edge, as in the bars of a window, use a piece of cardboard as a shield, as in the picture, to avoid painting the glass. Between each coat of paint rub very lightly with fine glasspaper to remove any specks of dust which may have settled while the paint was drying.



W. P. MATTHEW TELLS HOW TO MAKE

Taking down picture rails

QUITE a lot of damage can be caused by taking picture rails down carelessly, but the job is worth doing to give rooms a heightened effect. The rails are usually nailed very strongly to take the weight of heavy pictures, and if you try to lever them away the chances are that you will bring a lot of plaster with them.

I find the best thing to do is to take a hammer and a nail punch, and punch the fixing nails well below the surface of the wood. The rail will then pull away from the wall, leaving the nails with their heads sticking from the plaster.

The nails must be taken out, not driven in, or they will rust and show up through any subsequent decoration. Use a claw hammer for this job, placing a thin piece of wood under the head of the hammer to protect the plaster and act as a fulcrum for extra leverage. Picture rails

are invariably fixed after the plastering is completed, so that you have only a series of nail holes to fill.

Modernizing a bath

A BOXED-IN bath looks much better than the type with a rounded end; doing the job is an interesting exercise in amateur joinery. Use plywood or hardboard.

The way to provide fixing for the covering is to fit a series of perpendicular supports along the side and around the end of the bath. Use 1 in. x 1 in. timber, cut to fit tightly between the floor and the under side of the rolled edge of the bath, and then nail each support to the floor with two nails driven diagonally downwards into the floor boards.

Four supports will be enough along the straight side of the bath, and at every six inches around the end. The covering at the end is bent round these supports and screwed to them, and it

should be cut so that its upper edge is hidden under the rolled edge of the bath.

Cover the joint between the straight and curved panels by a narrow bead or moulding, and arrange a support at this point to afford fixing for the bead as well as for the ends of the two panels.

Making a sun blind

RIGGING a sun blind over a window which gets more than its share of sunshine in the summer is a worthwhile job. A frame-work can consist of two triangular frames fixed to each side of the window frame. There is also a bearer batten fixed across the top of the window frame. Rings in the blind slip over the hooks at six-inch intervals along this bearer and along the top members of the triangular frames.

Make the bearers of 2 in. x 1 in. deal or, better still, oak; the frames are of 1 1/2 in. x 1/2 in. Using brass screws, fit the

A CHANCE

WHEN I called at a house in North London a few weeks ago for *Can I Come In?* I was answered by a middle-aged housewife. I asked if I could interview her. "I haven't time, dear," she said. "I'm giving my husband a surprise—doing up the bedroom." Her smock and hands gave the colour away—dark blue! I hope *he* liked it. Anyway, here is W. P. Matthew, the TV Handyman, to tell you *how* to do your painting—whatever the colour.



MANY amateur decorators find difficulty with the narrow beadings around windows. These should always be painted before the rest of the window, or wall, is begun. A narrow brush should be chosen—one about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide would do—and flooded with plenty of paint. Then the entire length of the beading should be painted in one quick, continuous operation, without a lot of fiddling about and going backwards and forwards over the same area.



FINALLY, brushes. As with the paint, buy the best; properly looked after, they will last for years. I always bore a hole through the handles of my brushes so I can suspend them in water overnight with a knitting needle poked through the hole. When a job is finished I wash them out, first in turpentine and then in warm, soapy water. Then they are thoroughly rinsed, dried and put away. Three brushes— $\frac{1}{2}$ in., $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. and 3 in.—will make an excellent kit.

THE IDEAS ON THE CENTRE PAGES

frames together and screw the bearer to the wall by means of plastic plugging, again using brass screws.

The suggested size for the frames is: top piece, 3 ft.; perpendicular, 4 ft.; and the sloping brace piece, 3 ft. This brace joins the top and perpendicular 1 ft. from the end in each case.

Screw the perpendicular to the sides of the window frame.

It can then be taken down in the winter, leaving the bearer as the only permanent member.

How much paint to use?

THE covering power of paints is variable according to the nature of the surface to be covered, but it can be safely reckoned that you can rely on being able to cover at least eighty square yards to the gallon. On well-prepared surfaces, which have already received one coat, you may be able to cover as many as 110 square yards to the gallon. Taking eighty

as our figure, it is a simple matter to measure the surface and arrive at the approximate quantity required, expressed in pints and quarts. Emulsion coatings can also be reckoned at these figures.

Ceiling distempers, washable distempers and water paints are sold in tins and their quantities expressed in pounds. It can safely be assumed that a four-pound tin will cover twenty square yards, and a seven-pound tin thirty-five square yards, when mixed for use according to the makers' instructions.

Shelves by the fireplace

By the side of most fireplaces are recesses which are, in fact, built-in furniture, needing only shelves to convert them into dressers, bookcases, or wardrobes. They can be fitted with solid doors, glass doors, or curtains, and are thus converted from dust traps and dumping places for the family shoes into useful and

attractive features in the furniture scheme of the room.

The easiest way to fix shelves in these recesses is to cut two perpendiculars to each side out of 3 in. x 2 in. timber, and screw these to the walls, one at the front and one at the back.

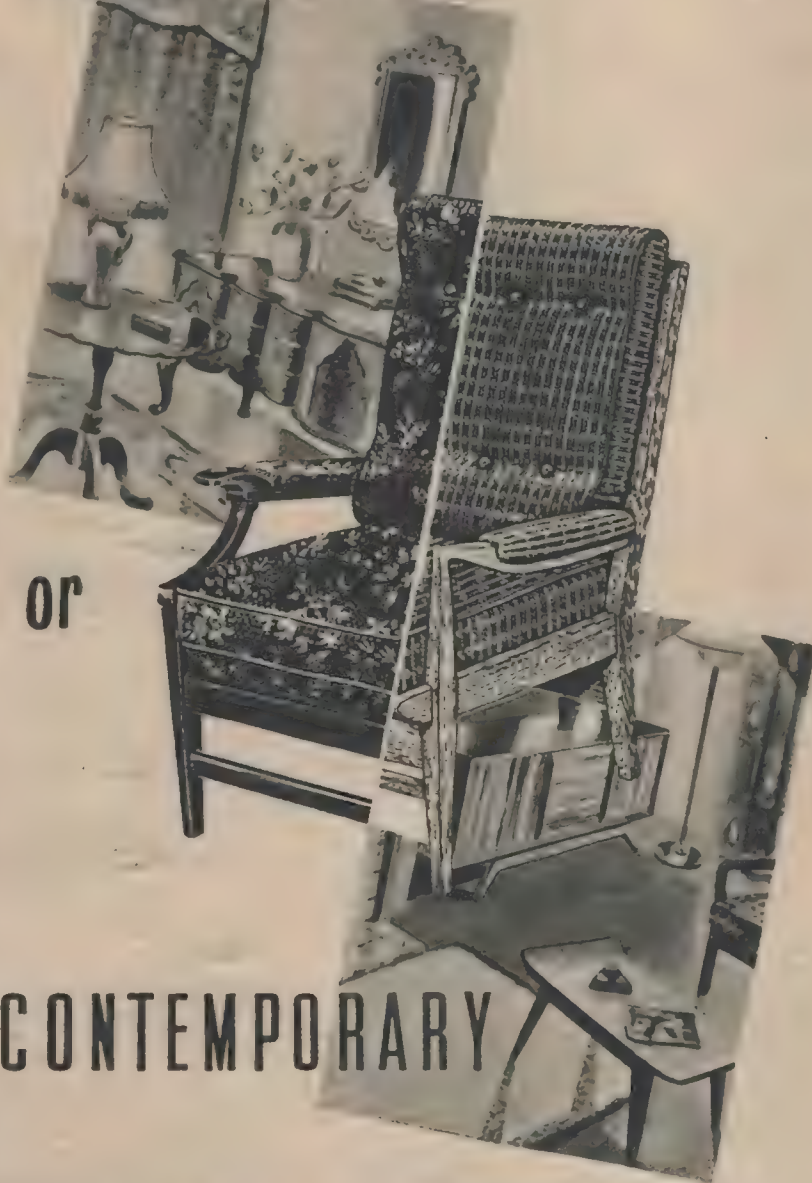
Cut the ends of the shelves to fit round these perpendicular supports.

To hold up the shelves, use big screw-eyes. These cost about one penny each; buy those which measure about three-quarters of an inch across the eye.

Fix a screw-eye in the four uprights where each shelf is to occur, and they will solidly support almost any weight, and be practically invisible when the shelf is in place. I weigh thirteen stone, and I have stood in perfect safety on a shelf supported in this way.

Another advantage of the method is that if you wish to alter the height of a shelf it is only necessary to take out and replace four screw-eyes.

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or

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TACKLE THESE JOBS THE

IT WAS A FINE, moonlit night and Mabel and I were seeing off five friends who had spent the evening at our house. Everything had gone well and we were all in good spirits. Then it happened. There was a slight gust of wind and down came a cascade of water that soaked two of our guests and splashed the others. I didn't know what to say, but finally they all came back inside to dry out. I remember that one of them, the wife of a B.B.C. man, had a new hat that evening—and it looked a sorry mess. The water had come down from the roof gutter, which was blocked with fallen leaves. Ever since then I have made a point of keeping a ladder, and each autumn I inspect the guttering and outlet for leaves and silt. I have also made sure the ladder won't be used by burglars: it is held firmly to the wall by three chains and a padlock.

HANDY GUIDE TO WALLPAPER BUYING

THIS table shows how to calculate the number of rolls of wallpaper required to paper a room. Measure all round the room including windows and doors, then look down the left-hand column to find the nearest number greater than your measurement. If your room measures fifty feet, the nearest number is fifty-two. Then measure the height of the room and find that number in the top row of figures. If the height is 8½ feet, trace down that column of figures until you meet the line opposite fifty-two. The figure there shows the number of rolls required—in this case, seven.

CHART		HEIGHT OF WALL IN FEET							
		7½	8	8½	9	9½	10	10½	11
MEASUREMENT AROUND WALLS IN FEET	32	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	6
	36	5	5	5	5	6	6	6	7
	40	5	5	6	6	6	7	7	7
	44	6	6	6	7	7	7	8	8
	48	6	6	7	7	7	8	8	9
	52	7	7	7	8	8	9	9	9
	56	7	8	8	8	9	9	10	10
	60	8	8	8	9	9	10	10	11
NUMBER OF ROLLS REQUIRED	64	8	9	9	9	10	10	11	11
	68	9	9	9	10	10	11	12	12

THERE'S TIME FOR EVERY JOB

SPRING

PAINTWORK

Touch up all exterior wood and metal which is bare of paint. Wash all paintwork, outdoors and indoors, using a mild solution of decorator's sugar soap. Afterwards rinse thoroughly. To restore gloss to interior paintwork, use linseed oil on dark paint and olive oil on light paint. Rub in the oil thoroughly, then polish lightly with a soft cloth.

GARDEN FURNITURE

Wash woodwork of chair frames etc., and re-varnish or treat with Japanese lacquer, which is brightly coloured, quick drying and weather resistant. Re-nail or renew chair canvases as necessary. Examine cold

frames, garden shelters, tool shed and base of greenhouse. Re-nail loose planks, renew rotted woodwork and use creosote or paint where it has become necessary.

CHROME FITTINGS

Letter boxes, lock facings, metal thresholds, etc., need thorough cleaning after winter. Use chrome cleaner, stocked by most stores and garages. Oiling locks and other ironmongery is a quarterly job in a well-run home.

CARPETS

Move floor and stair carpets around to distribute wear more evenly. Clean with carpet soap where necessary. Store

winter clothing, blankets, etc., washing or cleaning where necessary, and spraying with a reliable moth-proofing liquid.

GREENHOUSE

Renew decayed putty, after painting any bare wood in glazing bars. Obstinate leaks are best treated with sealing compounds, sold in small tubes. They remain elastic and move with expansion and contraction due to weather. Treat roof glazing for shading where necessary, using ceiling distemper on inside of glass. Dabbing on with a sponge produces a better appearance than brush smears, and light or mid-green gives a better effect than white.

SUMMER

DRAINS

These need weekly attention. Lift up iron grid of gully and scrub with hot water, adding a double handful of soda to a bucket of water. Scrub the concrete surround. Finally, swill with water containing disinfectant. The cheapest disinfectant is permanganate of potash crystals, which should be added to the water until it is a deep pink colour. Two or three times

during the summer, lift the iron cover of the drain inspection chamber and swill with disinfectant. Fill the groove in which the cover rests with thick grease. This stops rust, and makes the cover airtight, preventing smells.

CONCRETE PATHS

Holes and cracks will become enlarged when autumn frosts begin, besides being dangerous on dark nights. Before the

frosts start, clean out the holes, wet thoroughly and fill with mortar composed of one part cement to three parts of sand.

WASTE PIPES

To de-grease, plug up ends of pipes from bath, wash basin and kitchen sink and fill with boiling water with soda added. Leave for ten minutes, then remove plug and flush with clean water. Do this once a fortnight.

AUTUMN

FENCES

Draw back soil (which encourages rot) from bottom of fences. Use wood preservative on the fence and re-nail where necessary. If posts are loose but not rotted, ram large stones round each base, then pour down cement mixed with water to a thin cream. If rotted, renew the wooden posts, or fit concrete spurs—sold at good ironmongers or builder's merchants.

VENTILATION

Use a thin cane to poke clear all holes in ventilating grids and bricks. Ventilation under floors is the best preventive against dry rot. Check height of garden beds against walls and make sure the soil level is six

inches below the damp course, or the inevitable result will be damp walls and spoiled decorations.

ROOFS

Look for traces of loose or broken slates or tiles and have them replaced. Repair felt roofs where necessary and clean shading from glass roofs. Clean out all sludge and fallen leaves from gutters and swill down. Examine for rusted places, and paint. Look out for loose fixings and re-fix them.

GRATES

Have chimneys swept and repair with fire cement the bricks and sealing of inset fires. Re-fix loose hearth and surround tiles with a tile fixative. Chimneys that smoked last

year may need an anti-downdraught pot or cowl.

RUST-PROOFING

Examine all exterior and interior fittings for signs of rust. Clean down to the bare metal and use a reliable rust-proofing liquid or paint as necessary.

WATER SYSTEM

Lag all exposed cold water pipes and tanks to prevent freezing. Lag hot water pipes and tanks to conserve heat. Check and renew where necessary all tap washers—a dripping tap freezes quickly. Hot water boilers, especially in hard water districts, need yearly cleaning. This is a job for a plumber. Also get him to check the ball valves on both flushing and storage cisterns.

Useful Ideas for EVERY Home!

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Carpet beetles

The grubs of these beetles (woolly bears) vary in shape according to species, but all are to some extent hairy—hence the name. They may be controlled in the same way as moth grubs, but even more care must be exercised as they hide in cracks in flooring and open joints in cupboards and drawers. They do extensive damage not only to carpets but to clothing, and even leather and foodstuffs.

Woodworm

Woodworm is a general name, popularly given to a number of wood-boring beetles that cause havoc in furniture and in the structural timbers of a house. Their presence is usually betrayed by round holes on the surfaces of the wood and by tiny heaps of fine dust.

The female furniture beetle lays eggs in a crack or joint of the wood and the eggs hatch into grubs in about a month. The grub burrows into the wood and remains there, boring and eating, for up to two years. It then hollows out a chamber just under the surface, where it changes first into a chrysalis, then into an adult beetle. The beetle chews its way out and begins to fly. On the first or second day, the beetles mate. Almost immediately the male dies. So does the female—after laying her eggs.

Usual time for emergence and egg-laying is from June to August, and that is the best time for both prevention and cure. Special liquids for this are on sale at household stores. For prevention, the liquid is brushed into holes, cracks and joints of suspected timber. For cure, it is injected into the exit holes left by the emerging beetles.

Cure is, however, a matter for patience and persistence, and careful watch should be kept on wood which has been attacked for at least the two years of the maximum life cycle.

Rats and mice

Immediate and continuous treatment is necessary until all signs of infestation

cease. This is essential because of the rapid breeding rate. Suitably baited traps are effective if used as soon as infestation is noticed. Poisoned bait is best used after unpoisoned bait has been laid out and taken for two or three nights. Take care, because of the danger to children and domestic animals. Fumigation is a specialist's job.

All suspected ingress holes should be stopped, using cement or plaster. It is a good idea to mix crushed glass with the stopping—a broken light bulb is excellent. If success is not achieved fairly quickly, call in a skilled rat-catcher. Your local council will help you to get in touch with him.

Moth grub

Moths do not eat fabrics: it is the grubs that do the damage. They are much more likely to attack dirty than clean material, so all clothes should be stored after cleaning. Some cleaners moth-proof garments during cleaning, and this is well worth while.

Mothballs are a deterrent, but the small amount of gas they give off is hardly likely to kill the grubs. Paradi-chlorbenzine crystals (bought from a chemist) are much better. Perhaps the best preventive is a moth-proofing liquid which will kill moth, grub, chrysalis and egg. It is applied through a spray, and one application is effective for a whole season.

Beetles and cockroaches

These like warm places where there is food. Stop all holes and leave no food scraps about. Use an insecticide, or dry powdered borax, scattered over known runs. Saucers of beer, with strips of cardboard resting against the edges of the saucers, will trap large numbers.

Insecticides are lethal to ants, but complete eradication means finding and destroying nests. Ants maintain a continuous two-way traffic to and from the nest, and by careful observation this can be traced and dealt with by digging, insecticides, and boiling water.

SOME USEFUL HINTS FOR THE HANDYMAN

Paint-stripping

It is often quicker to strip cracked or blistered paint than to rub it smooth. There are chemical paint strippers for this job—effective and easy to use. To re-paint, first coat all knots with knotting—a sort of varnish that stops resin bleeding through. Then follow with priming—metallic for metal, red lead for wood—then the undercoat and final coat, lightly rubbing down with very fine glass-paper between each coat.

Cleaner walls

Paper that is grubby but otherwise in good condition can be freshened up with a piece of stale bread. Cut off the crust and rub gently over the surface, cutting off a slice as the bread gets dirty. Fresh grease marks will soak into a double thickness of blotting paper if you hold a warm iron over the place. If walls are badly marked at the base, you can run a new

wallpaper dado up to the height of the chair backs and cover the joint with a narrow border.

Paper disguise

Instead of painting woodwork, try covering it with wood grain paper, followed by a coat of varnish. It looks good and is practically everlasting. A door can be modernized by covering it completely with a sheet of building board and covering that with oak-grained paper. Shabby painted furniture, such as an old-fashioned chest of drawers, can be brought up to date in this way.

Jammed drawers

Drawers that stick and jam rarely need more than a little lubrication. Use powdered French chalk on the runners and drawer side. If the drawer still sticks, use fine glasspaper to rub the wood where marks show that friction is being caused. Jammed doors and drawers in framed furniture may

mean that the piece is not standing on an even keel. If this is so, level the furniture, using small squares of linoleum or plywood under the legs.

Rickety chairs

A rickety chair means that one or more of the joints has broken its glue bond. Gently tap the faulty joints apart, re-glue and tap together again. Scrape away as much of the old glue as possible, as new glue does not bond successfully to old.

Brighter floors

Shabby floors can be given new life with lino paint, which can be used on concrete, stone and wood as well as on lino. Apply in two coats, the first well thinned out with turpentine so that it penetrates. Where the wear is greatest, protect the paint with rugs. Before painting old lino, remove every trace of floor polish with a cloth wrung out in turpentine.



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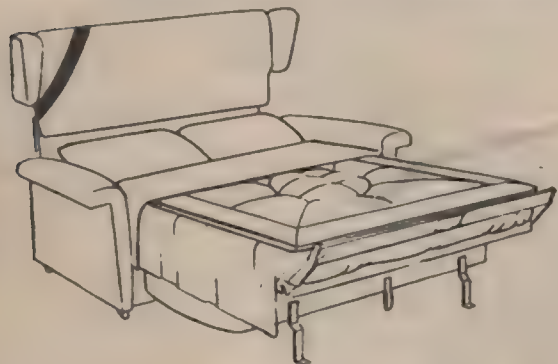
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Jimmy Reid's speciality: the informal Royal photograph. He took this picture of the Queen and Princess Margaret with Princess Anne at Balmoral

Royalty calls in the village photographer

by *RONALD W. CLARK*

When the telephone rings in Jimmy Reid's studio-cum-shop, it may be a call from Balmoral to photograph the Queen's family or take some informal birthday pictures of Princess Margaret

ONE SATURDAY MORNING the telephone bell rang in James Reid's wooden studio-cum-shop on the corner of the Station Square in the little Deeside village of Ballater. "I picked up the receiver," says forty-seven year old Jimmy, a cheerful, tough little Aberdonian, "and found myself speaking to Sir Alan Lascelles, Private Secretary to King George VI.

"He asked if I would go up to Balmoral Castle the following afternoon to take some pictures of the Royal Family for release to the press on Princess Margaret's birthday. Then he added that I would be the only photographer

there, and that the photographs would be released all over the world."

As he put down the receiver, Jimmy had a hunch that the pictures would be something more significant than the dozens of others he had taken at the castle during the previous fifteen years. As it turned out, the photographs were "splashed" in dozens of countries, and are still selling by the thousand.

It was only in 1937 that James Reid bought the photographic business in Ballater, but for more than fifteen years before he had been a familiar figure on most stretches of the River Dee. Jimmy is today the veteran photographer



Reid's village studio. In the centre is his wife, who acts as his assistant and helps to develop the Royal Family's snapshots

of the Braemar Games. "I remember very well the first occasion when I photographed the Games," he says, "It was in 1921, and I was flown up in a small plane, and had to travel back lying along the hood of an open touring car which was packed with other photographers." With the exception of the wartime years, when he served as an R.A.F. photographer, he has covered every Braemar gathering since then.

His first employer was Fred Hardie, a famous Aberdeen photographer. "One of my early jobs taught me the virtue of patience," he says. "I had to hold a very nervous collie dog in position while the brief exposure was made. The owner, a parson, was advised to leave as he was every bit as nervous as his animals, eight of which were to be photographed. He would probably have left, anyhow—the job took the best part of four days."

Problem Of Waving Hands

Later, as a staff photographer on an Aberdeen newspaper, it was natural that Reid should photograph Royalty on Deeside during their holidays at Balmoral. "When they arrived, when they went shopping in Ballater, when they went to sales of work or to the Games, or when they went to Crathie Church—looking back, it seems I photographed them everywhere," he says.

One problem invariably crops up when photographing Royalty. "There is usually a large crowd, with just insufficient space to contain them all," he says. "It is essential to keep a sharp look-out for the waving hands of excited women. Otherwise one is apt to find, as I have, a whacking big hand obscuring the best part of an important picture."

Recently, Jimmy discovered a series of unique historical photographs, taken more than half a century ago and showing many members of the Royal Family who visited Balmoral Castle towards the end of Queen Victoria's reign. "I bought them with the business fifteen years ago," he says. "The big full-plate glass negatives had been stored away since then."

When he swept the dust off them, he found that they included pictures of Royal charades at Balmoral, of Edward VII, George V and George VI at the Braemar Games, and of Queen

Victoria and John Brown. Many of the people in the photographs could not be identified [see page 14].

It was in 1937 that he received his first exclusive Royal commission. "The Queen Mother wanted her own private photographs of the ceremony in which she was to hand over new Colours to The Black Watch," says Jimmy. "I was asked to do the job as a private commission for Her Majesty. I drove the eight miles to the castle in the morning and found the troops being drawn up on the lawn in front of the castle. The one thing that I remember was the great interest the Queen Mother showed in the Colours as she admired the fine hand-work."

He drove back to the shop, developed and printed the photographs with the help of his wife, Evelyn, and sent the results up to the castle. The Queen ordered copies, and many were sent to The Black Watch.

"After that," says Jimmy, "I began to do all sorts of little photographic jobs at Balmoral. Sometimes it was private work for the Royal Family, sometimes work for the estate. There were queer jobs at times—I remember photographing a flattened pipe which had been found in an unexpected place in one of the walls."

Royal Holiday Snapshots

Outside work is only part of the Reid photographic business today. Another important part is routine developing, printing and enlarging; one of his most important jobs is printing the holiday snapshots taken by members of the Royal Family and their household.

"They are sent or brought down here with the request to develop and print. They have our usual service and are delivered the following day. When at Balmoral, the Queen uses a roll-film camera for snapshots, and a small ciné camera for movies."

Taking Princess Margaret's famous birthday photographs was an informal affair. "I chose a camera I had been using for about fifteen years. At the castle I was met by an equerry, and together we chose a place near the ornamental fountain on the south side of the castle. Then King George VI came out and the first thing he

said was: 'You took the pictures of the engagement of the Duke of Gloucester just here.'

"The Queen Mother came out with Princess Margaret, and just at that moment the Duke of Edinburgh drove up with the Queen. Miss Lightbody appeared with the two children. When they were all ready, the King asked me how I wanted everyone to stand."

"After the first pictures, we all moved towards a small ornamental stag near the fountain. Something the King said amused his daughters so much that he was concerned in case they should not recover in time. 'Don't take a fit of laughing' he warned them."

Prince Was Delighted

"Then, quite unexpectedly, the Duke lifted Prince Charles and plumped him on the back of the stag—much to the delight of the Prince. The result was a spontaneously happy picture. Then we tried to get one of Princess Anne, who was trying to balance along the balustrade, carefully watched by the Queen."

"In all, I took a dozen pictures—the equivalent of one roll of film. One was a duplicate, and there was too much movement in another, but I was optimistic about the remaining ten. We rushed them down the valley to the shop. My wife came into the dark-room to help me with the processing, and within a few hours all the ten pictures had been approved."

Three assistants help Reid to print the picture postcards of Balmoral and Deeside beauty spots which he takes and sells as a sideline. "For that sort of job, you must know the countryside in all weathers and all lights." But he is chary of suggesting which is the best photograph he has ever taken.

"I think it was possibly one which I took in the late twenties or early thirties," he says. "Queen Mary and King George V were travelling south from Aberdeen Station. Conditions were terrible. There was little light, and I had to give the picture a time exposure. What is more, I had to hold the camera in my hand while I took it. Yet it turned out first class—in fact, it was the only picture taken on that occasion which was published." THE END

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IN JOHN BULL MARCH 21

KILLER AT LARGE

by ALASTAIR SCOBIE

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT BAILEY

The mighty beast was crazy with pain. Ten yards from him, it turned and charged

WHEN I WAS A KID I read one of those books called *Adventures Of A Game Warden* or some such title, and decided that when I grew up I would go out to Africa and start in as a game warden myself. By the time I was twenty I'd forgotten all such nonsense, then the war took me from my studies, taught me to use a rifle, the army demobilized me in Kenya and, as in a dream, I found myself applying for—and being accepted for—the post of Assistant Game Ranger in the Ruspigi Reserve.

It was months before I got over the pride of seeing my name solemnly set out in Government publications: "Captain Wilson-Watling, M.C., Assistant Ranger." I had to pinch myself to believe that was me.

I'd never dreamed how various the duties of a game warden are: one day I'd be sent out to shoot or head off the bulls of an elephant herd getting too near to cultivated land; on another I'd find myself, trowel in hand, trying to teach a native craftsman to make clean joins in brickwork, or supervising the building of a rest camp. There were reports to write, animal diseases to study, occasionally a goat-eating lion and once a man-eating lion needing my attention: I escorted a film unit, complete with glamorous female star, through the reserve, faking animal thrills for them; I reared a baby rhino on the bottle, cured and set free a wounded python, and had my canoe upset, in traditional style, by a hippo.

But much of my time was taken up assisting my chief, Allan Redvers, in his almost ceaseless guerrilla war with Dayyan Singh.

They were well matched. Allan is tall, thin, grey haired and as tough as a steel rail; Dayyan Singh, huge, bearded, muscular, a giant of a man. The war had been going on for twelve years when I arrived on the scene, with minor victories on Allan's side, but most of the points well in Dayyan's favour.

Nairobi would dearly have loved to call an end to this private contest, which took up almost all of the chief ranger's waking time—and I think he probably dreamt about Dayyan as well—but there was little that officialdom could do. Allan Redvers is one of the great names in the big-game world, too monumental to send niggling memos to, and, besides, Dayyan Singh was a twice-convicted elephant poacher.

The Ruspigi Reserve is over eight thousand



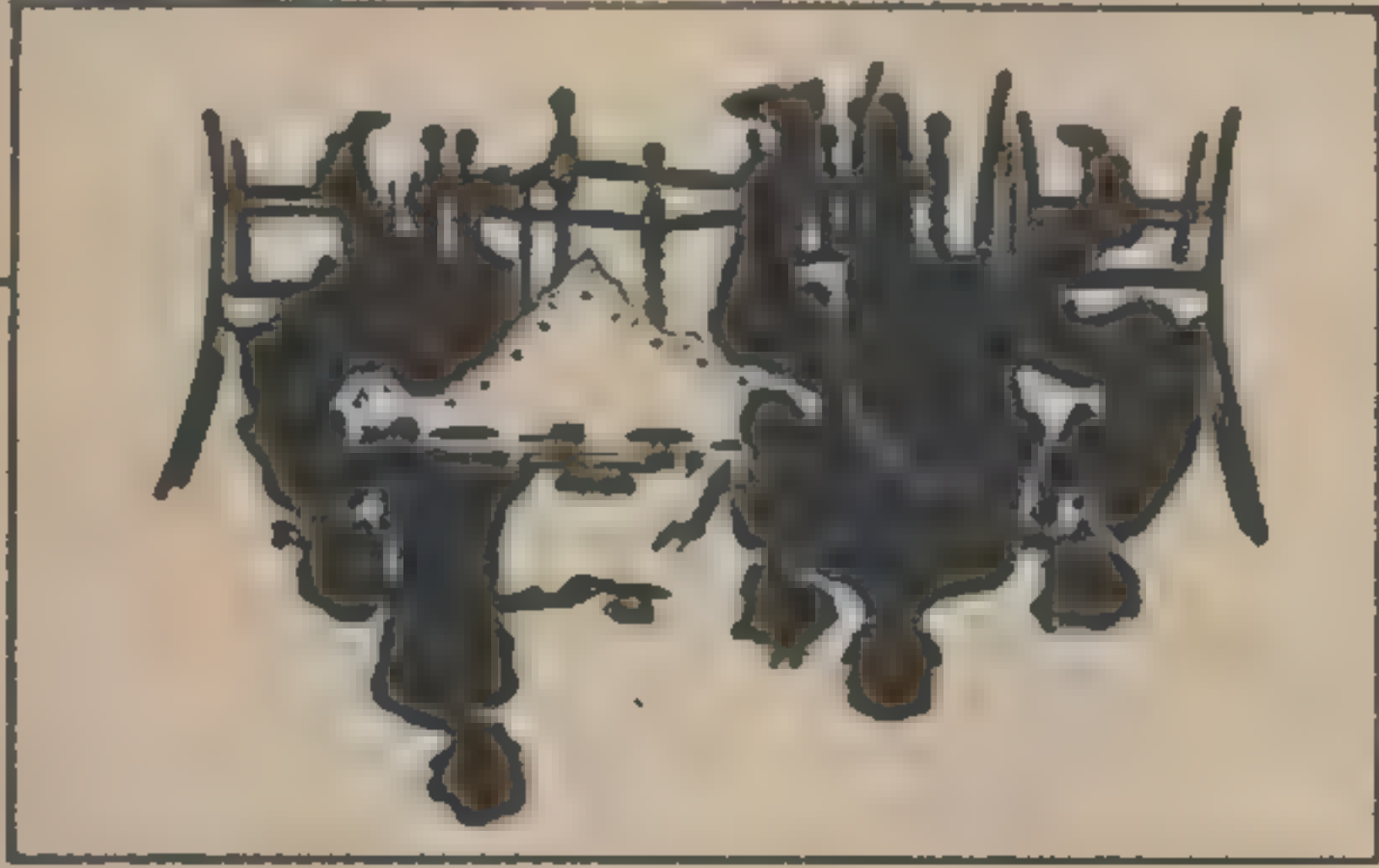
Four tons of maddened elephant hurtled at him. Kneeling, almost calmly, he raised the rifle



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square miles in area, and it needs constant patrolling. We never knew where Dayyan Singh would strike next. It was a sort of game between the two of them, a game with high stakes on Dayyan Singh's side, for if he was caught again he would go to jail and might even lose his trading licence. His father came to Africa fifty years ago as a gang boss on the Kenya-Uganda railway, and Dayyan Singh was born about 1910, when the old man had given up railroading and opened his first "duka," a little store trading with the natives deep in the Ruspigi Country.

Today, Dayyan Singh is a rich man. The little store has become a dozen rather bigger stores, and Dayyan pays little attention to the business—which is looked after by his young brother, Ahmed. Dayyan is a famous hunter. He has shot over three hundred elephants legitimately, usually by one small-calibre bullet in the brain, and how many big tuskers he has poached we will probably never know. If a maharajah or an Indian millionaire wants to come hunting in East Africa these days he seldom goes to one of the well-known safari companies—he comes to Dayyan Singh, whose camps are the last word in luxury, whose guns are hand-made by the best British craftsmen, who knows how to treat a prince or a gentleman, and is one of the ten leading big-game shots in the world.

But with all this, Dayyan Singh is still an Indian and East Africa is East Africa. There is no official colour or racial bar, but Dayyan Singh had in the past been refused membership of the Shikari Club and the Hunters' Federation, politely but firmly. The methods and the increasing grip of the Indian on East Africa's commerce, it was that more than any real colour feeling that kept Dayyan Singh from mixing with his kind, the men who talked animals, hunted animals and came near to worshipping animals.

PERHAPS he didn't think it out, and it just happened that way; at all events, Dayyan Singh seemed determined that the hunting world should know of his existence and his prowess. So, long before I appeared on the scene, Dayyan Singh took to poaching elephants.

In my first year he took at least a dozen big bulls with heavy ivory out of the reserve—and the licence to shoot two elephants costs £150, only two being allowed.

With ivory at 18s. 6d. a pound he must have made at least £1,000 that season, but to Dayyan Singh the money was not the thing; it was the joy of outsmarting not only twelve bull elephants, itself no small feat, but also that renowned hunter, warden and bane of the ivory poacher, Allan Redvers.

Yet this warfare, like all warfare, had its rules. I remember the first time I met Dayyan Singh. Allan, who was fresh back from a bout of fever and ready to go on leave, and had only been awaiting my own arrival to do so, drove me up to the low-roofed bungalow that was the only building for a hundred miles on the Jifani side of the reserve.

"Look at him, the oily beggar," Allan ground out as he stopped the car. Dayyan Singh came towards us, huge, bearded, genial, wearing a flowered turban and a white silk suit, with a lion cub loping beside him and a monkey on his shoulder, like some figure from Hindu mythology.

"How d'you do, Mr. Redvers?" asked Dayyan Singh in perfect English. "I have a nice surprise for you—some fresh vegetables. And some English apples." At our station the fruit came in tins, and an apple was something to dream about.

"No thanks," said Allan. "Got some at the station." And this will be your assistant?"

"Well, take some more. And this I shook hands with Dayyan Singh. "You must come and see my guns, Captain." He leaned to stroke the little lion, showing his huge teeth in a

smile. "I have a wonderful Holland double just flown out."

"That the one you use for elephants?" snapped Allan.

"Oh, no. For elephants I use a light Gibbs. But only for the occasional rogue, as you know." He waved to his cultivated fields. That was part of the snag—Dayyan Singh was perfectly at liberty to shoot in defence of his plantation, so long as he delivered the tusks to us. Now and then he made a great ceremony of this, just to rub salt into Allan's wound.

We examined his guns, had a glass of beer—a non-drinker because of his religion, he kept a few bottles permanently in his refrigerator in case Allan should call. We petted the lion cub, shook hands with Dayyan's wife, talked of hunting and the weather and took our leave, loaded with apples and fresh, green vegetables that made my mouth water.

As we were going, Allan said, casually: "I'll be away for a month in Nairobi. Captain Watling's looking after things until then." Until that moment I had wondered idly about Allan's reason for motoring nearly a hundred and fifty miles to exchange small talk with a man he frankly detested. Now I understood. He was telling the big Sikh politely that I was a new boy, learning the ropes, and no honour would be gained by poaching during his term of leave. Dayyan Singh took the point perfectly. "I will await your return with much pleasure," he smiled, shaking hands rather effusively.

While Allan was away we had no poaching trouble.

As soon as he returned, however, I learned just what a bitter thing this feud was. I trailed hundreds of miles across that blessed reserve in dust and heat, in mud and rain, tracking the elusive Sikh.

Once, with Allan exulting at my side, we found the vultures wheeling above a freshly dead elephant, a big bull, killed by a neat shot to the brain and with the tusks missing. Not a mile away, above the trees, rose the smoke of a camp fire.

"This time," said Allan, "we've got him!"

Dayyan Singh it was, lolling on a brass-tiled bed, eating curry. He jumped up to welcome us. "Ah, my dear friends, how nice to see you!" Allan was curt. He told of the elephant, then he searched the camp. There were no tusks, there was no light Gibbs rifle. We realized with some mortification that Dayyan Singh must have sent both off with his gun-bearers and porters as soon as he had shot the beast. He bore no malice, but managed somehow to serve us with cold beer and give us a very pleasant dinner of venison before we left. That was a monumental defeat, yet it came the nearest to victory of the whole season.

In a fury one day, Allan got as far as writing a stiff note to Nairobi, demanding another assistant to cover



"But I tell you, I don't drink!"

LIFE WITH FATHER

MY FATHER, a great games lover and as energetic off the screen as in any of his heroic rôles, was standing beside me giving me a few hints on baseball when this photograph was taken at our Californian home in 1915. I saw little of him in those days. He was touring with a theatrical company. But when he did come home everyone knew it: he had "vitality plus" that nearly shook the house.

He never walked upstairs, but always leaped, taking two or three stairs at a time. I was expected to do the same—and still do, even when I'm tired.

Athletic and spirited, my father disliked taking the line of least resistance. Once, when we were out walking, he only just managed not to be angry with me for going through a farm gate instead of climbing the wall.

He excelled at most sports—golf, tennis, swimming and athletics—and by his example encouraged me to play. Even as a small boy I was treated more as a friend and contemporary than as a son. He was never very paternal in the accepted sense, and seemed shy of being a parent.

A gregarious man, he would sometimes be away for nearly

twelve months. Coming back, he would greet me with a nod from across the room and a brief "Hallo," as if he had just been round the corner.

Because of his roving nature I was brought up on both sides of the Atlantic, an experience that proved useful later on. When I was nine, my parents parted; it was not until several years later that I met my father again.

I was thirteen then, but with the need to earn some money I had put four years on my age and arranged to start a film career. Hearing of this, my father came to Paris (where I was living) and, though a star himself, tried to steer me away from the idea.

In my younger days, he was never keen to let me go behind the scenes when he was filming. I remember one visit to the studios, however. My father was fighting his way through six men in one scene. I told him afterwards that I wanted to be an actor. He grinned and said: "Be like your Uncle Robert. You'll make a better engineer."

He did allow me once to act in front of a camera. It was during a weekend party when one of the guests, William McCann, the cameraman, asked if I would like



to be filmed. I jumped at the chance—and my father joined in the fun. He even helped to put my make-up on. Then, he and McCann shot four hundred feet of film.

Once I had started on my own film career in earnest, my father increasingly relaxed his opposition. And on my twenty-first birthday he sent me a first edition of Henry Irving's book on the theatre. Inside he had written a line from Shakespeare: "Let your own discretion be your tutor."

It was the nearest he ever came to giving me advice about life. He set much more store by example, by doing things that were worth emulating.

Today the son is as famous as his father was. For his name—and the rest of the photograph—turn to page 47.

the Dayyan end of the reserve. Amberside, the Chief Game Officer, wrote back civilly, suggesting that what had been tried in other reserves should be given a chance in ours. "As you know, Allan, in other reserves we have had great success with the appointment of Honorary Game Rangers, farmers and planters who, because of their love of wild life, have acted as unpaid game wardens. . . . It was a delicious irony, for the only man near enough to be of any mortal use was Dayyan Singh himself.

LATE in August, I was relieved of the feud for a time. A big bull tusker, a real old mossy-back of eighty years or more, challenged a train on the single-track railway that runs through the western end of the reserve. Being repulsed by the engine, the old boy lost his temper, put his huge tusks under the rails and heaved. A section of rail came up, but, on investigating, I found blood spoor which suggested he had damaged himself in the collision, and, of course, that meant he had to be found and shot. A wounded elephant is the most dangerous thing on four legs, and no tourist should be exposed to four tons of maddened Tembo charging his car.

It was a tricky job, for the spoor was old and my trackers lost it within a few miles. An elephant must eat some sixteen hours out of the twenty-four and move as he eats, and the big bull had been on the move for two days when I first got on to his tracks.

On the fourth day of my search, a native runner from one of the villages on the edge of the reserve came running up with the news that Tembo had broken into a village the night before, doing terrible damage to huts with his flailing trunk and stamping forefeet, and had killed a grandmother who, poor old soul, had attempted to snatch a tiny baby from the path of the beast. The baby was unharmed, incidentally. I struck camp and made for the village, arriving at dusk, when it was too dark to attempt to find Tembo in the thick rhino thorn.

It was an unnerving experience camping near that village, where they were banging drums and tins and yelling like lunatics to keep off any further attacks.

I was cleaning my rifle, seated by

my fire, when headlights showed down the track and a hunting car rolled up. Dayyan Singh got out and called to me and I hailed him.

He came over to me, one hand wrapped round the barrel of his little Gibbs, his teeth gleaming in a grin, a fresh, flowered turban on his head.

"I hope you have not shot the naughty elephant," he said. "I want that one myself."

"You can have him," I told him. "I'm not keen on tracking the brute into thick scrub."

We were both relaxed, unaware of any danger. Beyond the light of my fire all was dense, velvet blackness, out of which came the yelling and tinnabulation of the unseen village.

"Have you got a match?" I asked Dayyan Singh.

"In my jacket," he said, and walked back towards his truck that stood some thirty yards away on the verge of the rough track that led to the village.

I was happily pulling a piece of two-by-four through the barrel of the rifle when I looked up and saw the elephant. He stood in the scrub, the firelight just lighting up his huge, mossy head. One tusk was streaked with blood, twisted at a strange angle where he had pulled up the rail with it. The pain in that tusk must have been hideous. He was rocking gently and "feeling" for me with his trunk raised, testing the wind for the strange smell he disliked so much. His great ears flapped, stood out. Then he charged.

I threw my useless rifle at him and bolted, ducked round a tree, fell over a root, picked myself up, ran off like a mad thing. I heard him scream, heard his crashing pursuit, felt sheer panic grip me, the blind animal terror of a filthy death under his feet.

Dayyan Singh was safe. The elephant, of whose presence he knew nothing, went thundering past him on my heels. The stern presented no target for his light rifle. Here was no cool-headed shot at an unsuspecting tusker from a concealed position. He might have one split-second chance to hit the brain—then only if the elephant turned. Dayyan Singh wasted no time. He actually ran after Tembo, yelling like a fiend.

The elephant, finding I had

momentarily outrun him—I could not have kept it up—turned like a fly on a sixpence and charged Dayyan Singh. They were barely ten yards apart. Then the Indian did a supremely brave thing. Instead of running or chancing a risky shot "off-hand," he knelt, almost calmly, as four tons of crazy elephant hurtled at him, sighted and fired.

Had he missed not all the gods in mythology could have saved him. He did not miss.

A brain-shot elephant drops as suddenly, on the impact of the bullet, as an electric light goes out when you depress the switch. Tembo came down before the Sikh as though bowing to him, down on his knees in a cloud of dust, then rolled on to his side. His outflung trunk nearly touched Dayyan Singh's shoes.

Dayyan Singh got to his feet, looked at the massive, mossy head, threw a little dust in one eye to assure himself the brute was finished and said: "Disappointing. He carries little more than a hundred and fifty pounds of ivory." And he held out to me the box of matches, crushed now, that he had been to the car to fetch.

IHAD the showdown with Allan next day. "I am a member of the Shikari Club," I said, "and I'm proposing Dayyan Singh for membership. If they blackball him they can have my resignation." He thought it over. He said, grudgingly: "Well, he's a fine chap. But I tell you it's the thin end of the wedge. Well . . . all right, I'll second him." That made the Sikh's acceptance certain.

"Thanks, Allan," I told him. Then: "Incidentally, you know how to stop Dayyan Singh poaching elephants?"

"Well?" he said, cautiously. "Make him an honorary warden. He prides himself on being a man of honour. If he's a warden he will not only stop poaching himself, but he'll be down like a ton of bricks on any of his brethren who try it on."

Allan Redvers looked moodily out at the rain clouds gathering over the Kongoni Range.

"Do you think I haven't thought of that?" he said at last, turning round. "Of that, and of how damned tame it's going to be here next season. I've done it already." THE END

SEÑORITA OF THE STOLEN DIAMONDS

Continued from page 13

acquaintance with pleasure, although his smile was bright. The captain, impeccably clad in dinner clothes, could not entirely eliminate a note of surprise in his greeting.

"Hola, Tio!" he exclaimed. "What a happy event to find you here."

"And you, too, Captain. But a little relaxation is good for both of us."

"Yes. Your business, like mine, must sometimes seem dull." The captain waved at a roulette table. "But I cannot imagine a man of your experience playing the wheel."

"I merely watch. It is a pleasure to see others win, and I do not suffer when they lose."

The captain laughed. He expressed the wish that Tio would enjoy the evening, and strolled away. Once out of sight, however, he summoned an assistant named Mendez—a short wiry man with a moustache.

"That is Tio Martinez," he said. "When that kind of a man comes to a swank gambling-hall like this, something's up. Watch him."

Tio went behind the stage, to find Sarita at a table outside the dressing-room. She had not yet changed into her dancing costume, but was wearing a green dinner-dress, unadorned except for a necklace of imitation pearls. She sat cross-legged, sipping pineapple juice and occasionally shaking her yellow hair. She gave Tio a quick smile and invited him to sit down.

Her blue eyes rested reflectively on his face a moment, and she remarked: "I have decided that I like you. Do you like me?"

"Yes, I like you, Sarita."

"You will try to do what I ask?"

"If there's a way."

"Yes." She put her hand down the front of her dress and unpinned something there. When she withdrew it, she handed Tio a five-hundred-dollar bill. "That is all I have," she said. "I give it to you in advance."

THIS trustful procedure was without precedent among the patrons of the Mosca. Tio was moved. "But I may not get the diamonds," he said, as he accepted the money.

"Then you can give it back. But this is my last performance here—I sail at midnight tonight. If you get the diamonds you can hold them for me. I shall send you the rest of the money and give you directions. Unless you can get them tonight!"

"Perhaps. At this point I cannot set a date."

"Come then," Sarita said. "I will show you the fat Bodinsky. I have half an hour before I dance."

They walked to one of the curtained doorways leading into the ballroom. A waiter approached, but Sarita shook her head at him, and they stood for a moment surveying the tables.

Sarita's hand clutched his arm. "There she is," she whispered.

At a table marked RESERVED, with the name of the legation, eight people were being seated. One was a massive woman, with small, suspicious eyes, who was wearing a *lavalière* of diamonds. Tio had handled diamonds before—although only in passing, so to speak, and never his own—and he knew that Sarita had not overestimated the value of this piece.

At that moment, he noticed Captain Molina seated with two men just behind the Bodinsky table.

"You are quite sure this woman would not complain to the police?" Tio asked Sarita.

"Yes, I am sure. Especially if she knows that I have recognized the diamonds and could make a front-page story of it."

There was a taut expression on her face, and, as she finished speaking, she left Tio's side without warning and walked rapidly over to Madame Bodinsky. There ensued an increasingly vehement exchange of remarks. The Bodinsky diaphragm heaved, the diamonds rippled with light, a young, white-faced attaché rose indignantly. Sarita's eyes flashed, one hand plucked at her necklace, the other sat akimbo

on her hip; in a moment she would be in one of her famous rages—and there was cutlery on the table.

Tio stepped forward and plucked her arm. "Let it be," he whispered.

"You will spoil it all."

She followed him out obediently, but her face was flushed with anger. "I will kill her," she said, grinding her even, white teeth.

"Later, perhaps. But let us get the jewel first."

"That thief!—I could see the letter R—for Robeck, my family name. And I remembered how it looked upon my mother. It's enough to drive one mad."

"I know."

Sarita tugged at her pearls. "You see what I'm wearing? Do you know what they cost?"

"No."

"A little over five dollars."

"Give them to me."

"Take them." She broke the string from her neck, handed it to Tio and stamped away. Two or three of the pearls fell to the floor, but the rest he gathered into his pocket. An idea had been forming in his mind.

He turned back towards the ballroom. In the intermission between dances, people were coming through the arched doorways into the gambling-hall. Among these were Madame Bodinsky, a shade grimmer than before, and her attaché.

Tio bowed to her. "I beg your pardon, *señora*," he said. "I am of the Casino staff."

Madame Bodinsky squinted at him suspiciously. "Yes?"

"I have been told that the dancer Sarita was rude to you. I wish to offer the management's apologies."

"She should be dismissed."

"She has been. She will not be here tomorrow."

"That is good." Madame Bodinsky's manner softened somewhat. "Thank you."

"There is one thing more, *señora*—you may have noticed three men who were seated at a table next to yours, on your right."

"I have noticed them," the attaché said.

"They are gangsters," Tio informed them.

The attaché lifted his eyebrows.

"If you will permit me to make a suggestion, *señora*," Tio said. "In view of this situation, it might be wise if you did not wear the diamonds. It is just a precaution. You can put them temporarily in your handbag. Or you can leave them at the office."

"What do you think, Vladimir?" Madame Bodinsky inquired of the attaché.

"I think he is right, Madame. You remember we were all a little concerned about your wearing them."

"Yes. Let us leave them at the office."

"This way, if you please, then," Tio directed.

He led them out of the gambling hall to a door that he had noticed earlier, marked ADMINISTRATOR.

"Just a moment, please," he said. He opened the door. A weary-faced man looked up from a desk.

"Madame Bodinsky, of the Legation, would like to leave some jewellery here for safe keeping for the evening," Tio stated.

"Very good, *señor*. We will keep it for her." The clerk handed him a heavy paper envelope. "Have her seal it and sign it, please."

Tio stepped outside. Madame Bodinsky had unfastened the clasp of the *lavalère*. She put it in the envelope, which she then signed and sealed. "I will call for it when we leave this evening," the attaché said.

The two turned away. Tio entered the office, stopping just inside the threshold where the half-open door still shielded him from the desk. He had already started to open the flap of the envelope with his finger; fortunately, the muckilage was still damp. He took out the *lavalère* and substituted the broken string of pearls. There was an ironic justice about this exchange which appealed to him. He sealed the envelope again, handed it to



the clerk and departed, with the *lavalère* in his pocket.

It was so easy that it seemed almost incredible—except that he knew from experience that the simplest stratagem was usually the most effective, and what counted was the poise, the skill, with which the bluff was perpetrated. He had done it well, with just the right proportion of courteous interest and indifference. But as he stepped out of the doorway, he had a sudden humiliating intuition that he had begun his congratulations too soon.

At the end of the corridor, a short, wiry man with a moustache was standing watching him. Now that he saw him, Tio realized that he had seen him before that evening. Perhaps he was being followed; he could not be sure. He turned in the other direction, entering the gaming rooms and taking a position among the observers at the second row of roulette tables, facing the door by which he had entered. In a moment the man with the moustache appeared there, elaborately casual. Yes, there could be little doubt about it. It might be one of Molina's men—or, possibly, one of the legation attachés. Anyway, he had to get out now, quickly, before he was questioned and searched.

With his senses sharpened by danger, he moved into a smaller card-room and went out by a side door. This led to a passage to the kitchen and a rear exit, but there was a man lounging there—undoubtedly a casino detective—who would question him before letting him pass. He could not run the risk.

A crash of music signalled the beginning of the floor show in the ballroom. Tio turned that way, but the man with the moustache was ahead of him. As if guessing that Tio now knew he was being followed, the man advanced deliberately. There was a curtained archway to the ballroom at Tio's left, and he slid through it. The ballroom lights were dimmed, except for the spotlight on the floor, where Sarita was dancing. Tio moved swiftly and circuitously among the tables, gaining a little time from his pursuer. There was a vacant chair pushed out from an otherwise occupied table, and he boldly swung it to the edge of the floor and sat down, somewhat out of breath.

SARITA was dancing a composition of her own, called, here, Havana Moonlight, but named variously Rio Moonlight, or Argentine Moonlight, or Lima Moonlight, depending upon the city where she was performing. Clad only in the briefest of tights and flesh-coloured brassière, her hair and body powdered with ivory, she dipped and swayed in a silvery glow to a rhythmed version of Debussy's "Clair de Lune." It was a pleasantly romantic concept, and she danced it with grace and insinuation.

Under the circumstances, however, its effect was largely lost on Tio. He took the *lavalère* from his pocket as Sarita glided near him. He called her

name softly, and, as she glanced his way, he opened his cupped hands to display the glittering pendant, motioning it towards her. Her eyes widened, and she seemed to comprehend. She pirouetted under the spotlight, her arms above her head; then let them fall as she escaped from the light to snatch the pendant, returning, with her hands on her hips while her fingers worked the jewels under her tights.

She was half-way down the floor when Tio heard a voice in his ear, saying, "May I speak to you a moment, Señor Martinez?"

It was the man with the moustache. As he spoke, he showed the badge of the Cuban Secret Police.

"I am at your service," Tio replied, comfortably free of the evidence of sin. In another moment Sarita would have glided safely out of the ballroom with her treasure—but, alas, even as Tio rose to follow his interviewer, her fingers slipped against the close-fitting edge of her tights, and the gleaming cluster fell with a tinkle to the floor not far from the Bodinsky table. She recovered it at once, but Madame Bodinsky and the attaché were both on their feet. Sarita did not hesitate, but ran across the floor and into the foyer—past the two casino detectives and the open-mouthed doorman—and under the portico, into the night. She was trailed by the two legation attachés, the man with the moustache, named Mendez, Tio, and finally and impetuously, Captain Raoul Molina. But Sarita had vanished.

An interesting performance," the captain remarked. He had halted alongside Tio, who was standing with Mendez under a tree at the edge of the lawn.

"Quite an original ending for a dance," Tio said.

"Quite." There was a note of sarcasm in the captain's voice. "You had no opportunity, I presume, to note what it was she picked up?"

"No. I was engaged in conversation with your associate."

"I was about to search him, Captain," Mendez said bluntly.

The captain nodded. "I'm sure Señor Martinez will understand that it is a mere formality," he said.

Mendez ran his hands over Tio where they stood. He found nothing, and in the semi-darkness did not examine the notes in Tio's wallet. He went off to join a group of people who were enthusiastically searching the lawns and shrubbery.

Remaining with Molina, Tio felt depressed and ill at ease. It was hardly possible that a beautiful and nearly nude blonde would escape undetected in the Casino gardens, even though the moon had waned. He himself should depart at once, before Captain Molina, who was certainly no fool, investigated further.

He was about to say goodbye to Molina and look for Sam, when the smell of rum annoyed the sweet night air, and Sam bumped into them. "Thought it was you," Sam said to

Tio. "Girl missing. Lots of excitement." He ignored Molina, but raised his eyes to the lusty nymphs dancing hand in hand about the fountain rim, their classic bosoms tilted towards the stars. "Boy! Ain't those creatures beautiful! I'll take all eight. Or is it nine? I counted eight before."

Yes, Tio realized with astonishment, there were nine. "You have been drinking," he told Sam sternly. "Get your taxi and take me home." He turned to Molina, who, fortunately, was scrutinizing Sam to see if he knew him, and had not yet engaged in the enumeration. "In any event," Tio remarked, "one in the flesh is worth any number in the stone. Wouldn't you say so, Captain?"

"It would be more generally useful," Molina agreed.

"Well, if I can be of no further service—" Tio began.

The captain waved his hand graciously. "Good night, Tio." He returned to the Casino.

Tio wiped his brow. He drew near the fountain. "Sarita," he called softly, "when I signal to you, come down and get in my car."

He stood on the outside of the portico as Sam drove up. "There are nine," Sam asserted stubbornly, "and I counted eight when I came."

"Count them again," Tio suggested, opening the door while Sarita slipped inside. Sam peered at the fountain and his lips moved, making the tally. Tio got in, and Sam started the car, shaking his head and muttering. Then he saw Sarita in the driving mirror, clad only in her tights and brassière. "There were nine," he said with relief, and that was his only comment on the episode.

As they drove into the city, Tio described to Sarita the simple procedure by which he had obtained the jewels.

"You are smart," she said. She was in high spirits. "And how did I look on the fountain?"

"Lovelier than art, Sarita. Fortunately, the secret police are not connoisseurs."

She had fastened the *lavalère* about her neck, and it now lay resplendent on her bosom. "And how do you like my diamonds?"

"They are beautiful."

"You are not looking at the jewels."

"That is a matter of definition."

"You are a rogue," Sarita said, but she was smiling.

At her hotel, they sent for her luggage, already packed. She needed from it only a coat and a pair of shoes to board her steamer.

"I shall send you another five-hundred-dollar bill," she said. "I'm glad I haven't known you longer, Tio."

"Why, Sarita?"

"Because I wouldn't want to like you more." She blew him a kiss and was gone.

It was a little after midnight when Tio returned to the Café Mosca. Amelia was sitting up in bed, her dark lustrous hair, rosy face and plump shoulders looking especially pretty against the white pillow.

"I have a present for you," Tio said, and handed her the five-hundred-dollar bill.

"Aye, Tio! For me? How wonderful! And how did you get it?"

"You remember that blonde who called to me from the car?"

"Oh, that one!"

"I met her at the Casino tonight. I helped her find something she had lost, and she paid me five-hundred dollars."

"You should not play poker for such high stakes," Amelia said. "Here is your pillow."

"With you, I have no need of it," Tio replied.

As he burrowed under the covers beside her, she continued pensively: "But if you are going to tease me, Tio, must it necessarily be a blonde? Why do men always prefer them?"

"Because there are so few brunettes like you, Little Flower," Amelia smiled. "You warm both my heart and my back," she said happily, "just like a new kitchen stove."

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FORTUNE IS A WOMAN

Continued from page 16

if it had no meaning at all. I went through it in a sort of bad dream.

Sunday we spent mostly calling at people's houses, people Sarah knew who might know where Clive Fisher had gone. One man said that he had definitely left the country for Madeira on the last Tuesday in October. The first house we called at, of course, was Vere Litchen's—the blonde who had interviewed me from her bed, and who seemed to be a close pal of Fisher's—but the place was locked up and the curtains drawn. I wondered if she had gone with him. Sarah said she wasn't giving up but would carry on all through the week while I was at the office.

On the Monday there was a bit of an atmosphere at the office, and in the afternoon Old Man Abercrombie sent for me. He was quite cordial, and we talked over another case to begin with. Then after one or two throat clearings he said: "By the way, I believe there was some sort of fracas between yourself and Fred McDonald on Friday."

"Yes. . . . I knocked him down."

"It's all more than unfortunate, of course. McDonald's one of my oldest business friends."

"I'm very sorry. He made a damned unpleasant remark to me, and I lost my temper."

The Old Man got up and went to the window and polished his spectacles, but he didn't speak.

I said: "I suppose you'll have heard this rumour that's going round."

"I've heard something, yes. The implications naturally distressed me—as they would you. But unless there is something very much more concrete—"

"I hold McDonald responsible for starting it. That was why I cut up rough so quickly."

"Have you any reason to be certain that he did start it?"

"Not certain. I'm pretty sure."

The telephone rang, and Mr. Abercrombie got side-tracked for a minute or two.

WHEN he put the phone down he picked up a pencil and twisted it round and round in his fingers.

I said: "I've been thinking seriously this weekend whether you'd like me to resign from the firm."

He didn't look up. "Don't be absurd, Oliver. We must keep this thing in its proper proportions. A malicious rumour, a hasty quarrel—they can't be allowed to ruin a man's career."

I thought he spoke just a bit too quickly, as if perhaps he'd used the arguments already, to himself. I said: "It won't exactly attract business if you employ a man who's under suspicion for fraud and then uses a thick-ear technique to defend himself."

"The thing will blow over. It must blow over. I'm going to see McDonald tomorrow to discuss it in a friendly way. The first thing is to get him to withdraw this absurd charge. If we—"

"Charge?"

"Yes. . . . Haven't you seen Michael? Oh, dear. I thought that was what you were talking about. McDonald has complained of your conduct to the council of the Fire Loss Adjusters."

I just stared at him.

"A sub-committee exists to consider any breaches of the rules by members of the association; but, of course, its purpose isn't really to consider this sort of thing at all, and he ought to have known it."

I said: "Probably he did; but he reasoned that if an inquiry got started all the rest of the dirty linen would come out, too."

"I hoped there was no dirty linen to come out," Mr. Abercrombie said dryly. "Anyway, we must put a stop to this business before it gets out of hand. I shall see McDonald, and, if necessary, his general manager, and make him see sense."

I got up to go. At the door, I turned and said: "One thing I'd like to make clear. I'm not going to let

Abercrombies take the rap on my account. Any headaches that may be about are mine alone, and I don't intend that any of my friends should share them."

The Old Man frowned. "That's all right, Oliver. I know how you feel. But I'm quite sure that you've done nothing to lower the standards of our profession, so we shall be behind you whether you want it or not."

"Thank you," I said, feeling about as uncomfortable as I'd ever done in my life, and went out.

I didn't do any more work that afternoon. About five I went home and found Sarah in, and looking rather troubled.

"Any luck with Fisher?"

"No," she said. "I went to his bank, but they couldn't or wouldn't tell me anything. Then I went to the shop in Grafton Street where he sometimes has a picture on show, but they hadn't seen him for two months. After that, I called at the London agents of the Venus—you know, that motor ship that goes to Madeira—but he hasn't been on either of the last voyages, at least, not under his own name. The same at the Union Castle offices. I find you can go by air, so I'll try that tomorrow. On the way home I called at Vere Litchen's again, but there was no sign of life. I made one or two inquiries; nobody seems to know much about her. . . . Since I got home I've been looking for Trixie."

"Trixie?" I said. Trixie was the spaniel Tracey had given her. "Didn't you take her with you?"

"No. I wanted to get round quickly, and so. . . ."

There was a minute's silence. "Where did you leave her?"

"In here—as usual."

"You locked her in?"

"I thought I had, but when I came back I found the catch hadn't clicked properly. At least, that was the way I found it, and I see now it does stick if you're not careful."

She was watching me, and I tried not to show how I felt.

"I expect the door blew open and she wandered out. Have you asked the porter?"

YES, but he says he was off part of the afternoon. In any case, I can't understand Trixie going any distance by herself. She's absolutely terrified of traffic."

"Had the porter—I suppose he didn't see anyone come up?"

"No. . . ."

I said: "Well, she'll be in one of the other flats. Some old lady's found her wandering about and taken her in for a bone."

Sarah said: "The porter's been round to them all."

I felt suddenly as if I couldn't stand any more. "Look, Sarah, don't cook a meal for me tonight. I'm going out again and may be late. I'm going round to see Henry Dane."

"To tell him everything?"

"Yes. . . . At least, I think so. I'm

getting completely out of my depth."

"I think you're right."

"It's a risk. If Dane thinks we're not on the level he'll blow the story wide open. But that may come in any case."

I told her about McDonald.

"Oh, Oliver. . . . Is there never going to be an end to this?"

"There's got to be—one way or another."

HENRY DANE didn't interrupt me, but stood by his mantelpiece most of the time, first filling his pipe, ramming home his tobacco, then leaning with one arm on the mantelpiece, smoking, and staring across the room. He smoked the way he did everything else, with terrific energy and determination, so that quite often his face was lost in a cloud of blue smoke.

I didn't make a good job of it. You never do when you need to most. And I couldn't put over to another man the sort of feelings I had for Sarah, which had really been at the root of my mistakes.

It took me a good time, and when at last I dried up he bent and knocked out his pipe and started refilling it. I finished the drink he'd given me.

He relit his pipe. The light flickered over his deeply furrowed face, and I realized as I looked at him that I didn't know him very well after all. I hadn't an idea which way the cat was going to jump.

He said: "There are two possibilities, aren't there? And I suspect you haven't been thinking very clearly about either of them. In any case, I suppose you realize that if this gets out—and you say it's getting out—you might as well take up market gardening right away. The insurance world won't have any further room for you."

"Yes, I know."

"We all make mistakes. Good God, I've made some awful ones. But this lot. . . . First you commit burglary. Then you compound a felony. And finally you commit a misdemeanour. It would be laughable if it weren't pathetic." He gave me an unfriendly look through the smoke. "I'd like to meet your wife—get her story, too."

"What do you advise me to do?"

"There's only one thing to do. That's go straight to the police and tell them everything you've told me."

"I was afraid you might say that."

He said: "There's no need to register disgust. I'm the one who should be doing that. When you take up market gardening and find the bulbs interfering with your sex life, I hope you'll let some other horticulturist into your confidence at an earlier stage."

"I'm sorry, Henry. Really I am. But as for the police. . . ."

He began to walk about the room. "You see, man, you bring this to me, but it's far out of my reach already. If Tracey Moreton is alive. . . ."

I said: "Oh, for heaven's sake. . . ."

"Well, why not face it? That's

what was in your mind, wasn't it?"

After a minute I said: "Yes. . . . I don't know. I suppose so."

"If he's alive, it's very much a police matter, and only they can handle it. If he's not, it's still a police matter because of the other suspicion that exists—though I don't know how seriously they hold it."

"I wonder what evidence the police have got."

"Against you? Very little, I should say, or they would have acted differently."

I did a bit of room-pacing for a change. He poured himself a drink and put a perfunctory splash of soda in it.

I said: "You see, I'm not only risking my own skin; there's Sarah to consider. It's possible that some sort of a charge of conspiracy could be pinned on her. The Lord knows what might not be pinned on her yet. That's what scares me stiff."

"And do you think you're making her any safer by sitting on this thing until it blows up?"

"No. That's why I came to you for advice."

"But you don't like my advice."

"I don't like it. I might take it."

After a long time, he said: "When can I meet your wife?"

"Almost any time. Make a date and I'll fix it."

"No, give me your phone number. I'm not sure how things will work out for me this week."

When I left, he stood at the door watching me till I got in my car and started the engine. Then, as I moved off, he turned and went in.

I went back to the flat, bitterly depressed.

Trixie didn't turn up. I could see it was worrying Sarah a lot more than she would own, and it wasn't merely the loss of the dog. She reported it to the police, and for the time being we had to let it rest there.

I didn't see Mr. Abercrombie on the Tuesday. I saw Michael two or three times but he didn't mention anything. Unlike his father, he was a bit distant, didn't meet my eyes more than he could help, kept his shoulders hunched and his brows furrowed in a perpetual frown.

I had briefed a firm of private inquiry agents to give me a report on Fisher. On Wednesday it came. It told me nothing about his finances that I couldn't have guessed myself, and it certainly gave me no clue as to where he might be found.

JUST before lunch the Old Man came in to see me. He said: "Oh, Oliver. . . . No, sit down, sit down. I won't be a minute." He sat and crossed his long, thin legs and stared over my head at the map on the wall. "I saw McDonald yesterday and again this morning. He's agreed to withdraw the complaint he made to the council of the F.L.A.A."

"Oh," I said in surprise. "Well, I'm very glad. You—must have a lot of influence over him."

"No. . . . I—put it to him that there was only one way of settling the matter, and that is as informally as possible."

"How?"

"He's agreed that there should be a meeting between you and him as soon as we can conveniently arrange it—to discuss outstanding differences."

I rubbed my chin. "Don't think I'm not very grateful; but it seems to me that the outstanding difference between us is that he thinks me a liar and a swindler and I resent it. How is that going to be bridged?"

"Well, it won't be *except* at a meeting, will it? Obviously, of course, not at a meeting between just the two of you. But I thought if I was there, and McDonald's general manager, Rawson, as well, we might be able to see the whole thing through in a friendly way."

"I certainly can't say no to that. When is it to be and where?"

"Saturday morning—if that's agreeable to you. Mr. Reckitt has suggested that we meet in his office."

I began to see that there were strings

Continued on page 41



"Just why can't I park here?"

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FORTUNE IS A WOMAN

Continued from page 38

to this arrangement. "Reckitt knows about it, then?"

"Yes. I was forced to discuss it with him. He is, after all, the head of McDonald's firm."

"Will he be there?"

"He may be. Though he may not consider it of sufficient importance to be worth his coming up from the country." I didn't believe that. Mr. Abercrombie studied my expression. "There is one other thing. In view of the fact that McDonald had already made his complaint to the F.L.A.A., I felt it my duty to invite a member of the council to come along. It'll be all quite informal, of course."

"And have they accepted?"

"Yes. There's a Mr. Spenser, from Birmingham, happens to be in town this week. He's a past-president of the association and a very reasonable man. I think you'll like him."

About an hour later, Dane rang me up. "I've seen your wife," he said, without preliminary.

"Oh? When?"

"I had half an hour free so I rang her, and she came round to my office. We had a long talk and she's just gone."

"Satisfied?"

"Quite reasonably. I think we should meet again now, you and I. Are you free for lunch tomorrow?"

"Free enough. I haven't taken your advice."

"No, she said not. Well, we can discuss that. The Red Boar at one?"

"Thanks."

THERE was still no report of Trixie when I got home that night, and, although Sarah had been out again, she'd found nothing to help us in our search for Clive Fisher.

Over supper, we dropped it and talked about things it would have been natural to talk about if all had been well. But it didn't really work.

At last I said: "So you went to see Henry Dane."

She was sitting on a stool before the fire, and she leaned forward and pushed a bit of coal farther back where it would burn.

"Who told you?"

"He did. He phoned when you left."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing much. I'm lunching with him tomorrow. What did you think of him?"

She straightened her back and curled her hands round the edge of the stool. "He seems all right."

"And what didn't you like about him?"

She looked up briefly and smiled. "Oh, I think he could be very nice. But we nearly came to blows."

I sat up. "Why?"

"Well, darling, if I ever have to stand trial for murder I shan't expect a much fiercer cross-examination than I got this afternoon."

"But what did he say? What did he ask you about?"

"Oh, he was polite enough in his own way. It seemed quite funny afterwards—this business of 'where were you on the night of the fourteenth?' I never really quite believed they did it that way."

I got up. I felt dumbfounded and furious.

"Tell me what he said."

"Must I? It was the obvious sort of thing. When had I first met you? What was the state of my relations with Tracey at the time? Why did the first fire not come off and when had Tracey told me of his intention to burn Lewis Manor? When did I tell you about it? When did the idea of double-crossing Tracey first occur to us? Did—"

"Good God!" I said.

"How often had we met in London unknown to Tracey? How much was Tracey's life insured for? Why had I taken the trouble to create an obvious alibi in Yorkshire if I hadn't known Tracey's intentions and also known yours? Did I seriously expect him to believe that we'd not corresponded for four months after the fire? Why did



we suddenly decide to get married, and what was the compulsion? How often had I put you off coming to see him? On and on and on, till I could hardly think straight."

For a bit there seemed to be nothing I could say. I made a movement towards her, but she got up and turned away.

"I came home feeling pretty limp. But afterwards, when I thought it over, I was glad it had happened."

"Glad?"

"Yes, I . . ." She stared at me with a queer, dark sort of expression. "If anything awful should happen—if I've got to tell the story all over again, in public—"

"Sarah!"

And then she was sobbing on my shoulder.

Henry Dane was in his usual corner at the Red Boar. I said: "Sorry I'm late," as I sat down at the table. He was an ugly man in some lights.

He put down his newspaper. "What'll you drink?"

I told him, and he ordered, and then he stared at me keenly. "I hear you've got a date with McDonald and others on Saturday morning. I asked you along today because I wanted to know if possible what line you intend to take when you meet him."

"I haven't decided yet."

The waitress came up and we ordered something to eat.

"Your wife's told you about our talk yesterday?"

"She did," I said curtly.

"You did well for yourself when you married her, didn't you?"

"What the hell do you mean?"

He stopped and looked at me over his pipe. "What a man you are for prickles. No wonder McDonald got in your hair."

"It's just a funny prejudice I have against having my wife treated like a jailbird."

"My good fellow, you can't judge a woman by hearing about her from a man who's in love with her. I'd got to judge for myself. I've known decent, worthy men in love with designing little bitches, but to hear the men talk about them you'd think they were all that was pure and holy."

"And what great thoughts did you have about Sarah?"

"She'll do."

"Thanks."

"In a way, it would give me pleasure to prosecute her for something. Until she lost her temper yesterday, over some trivial thing I said about you, she was as cool as they come. Even then she stood there answering me back as sharp as a whipcord."

The waitress came, and he stared with interest at his soup.

"You've a queer way of showing your approval," I said, but feeling a lot better.

He finished his soup in about half a dozen mouthfuls. "I've also," he

said, "been checking up on the line that McDonald intends to take."

"Have you seen him?"

"No, but I know someone who has. It was your inquiry about the insurance on Lewis just before the fire that started it."

"I thought so."

"Then apparently he met you at a dinner a day or two after the fire and noticed you walked with a limp and that your eyebrows and eyelashes were singed. He mentioned this at the time, partly as a joke, to a friend of his. After that, he says, he more or less forgot all about it until last month when you married Sarah Moreton. Then he saw Rawson, his boss, and discussed the whole thing with him, and they decided to employ a private snooper, who found the man who'd seen someone get into a black Standard like yours. This fellow was a poacher, who wouldn't come forward to the police, but he didn't object to a pound or two on the quiet. He couldn't remember the number of the car but he remembered the letters, and when the detective took down photos of six men he picked out yours. At this point, apparently, they decided they'd done enough, so they called off the snooper and handed this information to the police."

"Very public-spirited of them."

"I think it explains the visit from your friend Sergeant Barnes. It's highly probable you'll get another after Saturday's meeting. I shouldn't be surprised if everything that happens there gets to Barnes's ears. So if you haven't made up your mind what you're going to say on Saturday I suggest you don't leave this pub until you have."

At lunch on Friday I saw Charles Robinson, my best friend among the underwriters.

"Mind if I come along in the morning?" he asked me.

"Whatever for?"

He half smiled. "Material witness. . . . But seriously, I'd like to be there if you've no objection. Moral support, you know."

I said: "Of course I've no objection. Thanks."

In the afternoon, things were slack, and I had a legitimate reason for knocking off early. I called in to see the Old Man and arranged to meet him and the others at eleven o'clock the following day, in Reckitt's office. I got home well before five, and let myself in. Sarah wasn't there, and I went into our bedroom because sometimes she left a note to say what time she'd be back. The note was there all right.

"Dearest Oliver,

I think I've been terribly slow to understand what has happened. I am going off on my own to see if I can get things straightened out, for your sake and for mine—and for everyone's.

Darling, don't worry if I'm not back for a night or two, and please

don't try to follow me. This is something I've got to do alone.

Your Sarah."

I read the note twice and turned it over and examined the back and then read it twice more. Then I looked round the room and there was no one there. *She's gone*, I thought.

A tray was set for tea, but I poured myself a drink instead and picked up the note again: *A night or two. Don't follow me*. I went to a drawer and took out a new packet of cigarettes but didn't light one. I stood in the middle of the room, quite purposeless. I went in and washed my face and put cold water round the back of my neck. Then I came out with the towel in my hands and went to the telephone.

Sarah's father was in. I said: "Have you seen Sarah today, sir?"

"No, no, I haven't. Is anything wrong?"

"Not really. She said she'd be back early. I wondered if she'd taken her car."

"I don't know. You might find out at the garage."

"Thanks, I'll try there."

I tried the garage but there was no reply. Then I rang up Victor Moreton, Tracey's barrister brother, at his chambers. His clerk said he'd just left. He was going out of town for the weekend, but I might catch him at his home in about twenty minutes. I rang Henry Dane and found him in.

I said: "What did you tell Sarah the other day? Did you tell her my own doubts about Tracey's death?"

He said: "Certainly not. Why?"

"But from your questions, could she have got a pretty good idea?"

A pause. "Yes. Possibly that."

"I thought so. Have you seen Sarah since?"

"No. What's the matter?"

"Nothing." I rang off.

I RANG Victor's flat but there was no reply, so I fetched my car and went round instead. He lived in Belgrave Place and I got there as he was going up the steps. We went up together. I thought he looked a bit peculiar when he saw me, a bit on the defensive.

"Have you seen Sarah today?"

"No."

"Or heard from her?"

"No, I haven't, Oliver."

He was the only person who hadn't asked why. "Have you seen her at all this week?" I asked.

He let himself in, and I followed. "She called round at my chambers yesterday afternoon."

"What did she want?"

"She—wished to discuss certain problems with me. After all, she still looks on me as her brother-in-law and I am her trustee."

"Did she say what she was going to do today?"

He toed across in his dark suit and striped trousers, and opened a glass cocktail cabinet. It was a magnificent room, a little flamboyant for him.

"Drink?"

"No thanks."

He poured himself a whisky and water. "She put forward some ideas of her own which, frankly, I considered—monstrous, untenable. She advanced what she considered was evidence that these ideas, these fears, were not unsubstantial. I gave her my views and she went home—at least I suppose so."

"And did she say what she was going to do today?"

He looked at me as if the whisky didn't taste good. "She gave me some idea. . . . She also expressly asked me not to tell you."

"Look, Victor, this has gone beyond a joke."

"It has for all of us. I'm sorry."

In the light from the window I could see that he looked worried and pasty. I said: "She's my wife. She's gone off like this, leaving just a note. . . . And you know where she's gone."

He put down his glass and met my stare. He looked bull-necked and fat. And formidable. "I can't help it. I'm sorry, but I can't help it. I've given her my word, Oliver. . . . And

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even if I hadn't, I wouldn't tell you."

"Why not?"

"Because, until I hear more from her—or even then—I don't think it's a thing that ought to be told."

I didn't leave it at that, of course; I stayed and argued with him; but he gave nothing away. I felt pretty desperate, but he wasn't a man to be trapped into some admission he didn't want to make. The only thing I got out of him was that he wasn't going off for the weekend as planned, and he promised to ring me if he heard again from Sarah.

Driving back to our flat, it wasn't really out of the way at all to turn up Prentiss Street, and I thought I might as well see if there was any sign of life from Vere Litchen. I didn't really expect anything, having drawn blank so many times with so many things, and I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw a light in the house. I stopped suddenly, and a taxi-driver shouted at me as he passed.

Nobody answered when I knocked. I wondered if it was just the maid back, or perhaps burglars again. I knocked a second time and louder, and then a third. Almost before I'd let the knocker go, the door opened and a small, red-faced, fair-haired man looked out.

We stared at each other. I said: "Are you Mr. Litchen?" He blew out a breath of relief. "No. . . . I thought you were. What do you want?"

"I wanted to see Mrs. Litchen."

"Well, she—"

"It's very urgent."

"What name is it?"

I told him and he went doubtfully in, leaving the door ajar. Music came from the living-room; it sounded like jive. I heard Vere Litchen's voice.

He came out. "Sorry. Mrs. Litchen can't see anyone tonight."

"I'm sorry," I said, and went past him into the house.

SHE was in a sort of green thing, long and soft and flowing, like a housecoat only more so: it didn't leave a lot to be puzzled out. She had her back to the door, was turning over the record.

"Has he gone?" she asked.

"No," I said.

"Look," said the man nervously, "what's the big idea? I told you she wasn't seeing anyone. . . ."

She turned, and her painted little face was as hard as wood.

I said quickly: "I want to know if you can do me a favour."

She stared at me, turned to the radiogram. In a second or two a piano, artificially deepened in the bass, began to beat out a jungle rhythm.

I went over to her. "This is pretty important to me. Do you think we could possibly skip the old grudges?"

"What do you want?"

"I want to get in touch with Clive Fisher."

"Why should I know? I'm not his keeper."

"You're a friend of his. I'm very anxious to find him."

"You're spoiling this piece. Roger, show the gentleman out."

Roger put a hand on my arm. "Come along, old man. She's told you she doesn't know. . . ."

I looked at him. "Go away."

He went away.

I said: "Where can I find Clive?"

"Try the lost property office. Or the seamen's home."

"When did you see him last?"

She yawned. "About a month ago, if you must know. We saw each other at a party. Roger was there, weren't you, Roger?"

"Yes."

"You've seen him since then?"

"What makes you think that?"

"There was a library book of yours at his cottage last Friday. The subscription had only been renewed the week before."

"That doesn't tell you where you can find him now, does it?"

Something began to go queer inside me. I said: "I've only one advantage in this argument, and that is I wasn't brought up the nice way."

Red spots began to burn in her

cheeks. "Roger, my little mouse, have you got any guts at all?"

"None that would help you," I said. The record came to a stop and clicked off.

"Why don't you tell him and have done with it?" Roger snapped. "I'm not a prize-fighter."

"If you touch me," she said, "I'll scratch the skin off your face."

I said: "I'm about at the end of my tether. I've got to force this out of one of you. I don't want to break up your room."

Roger blurted out: "He's at the Fin de Siècle nearly every night."

"You fool. . . ."

"Well, I'm not getting in a rough house just to cover up for Clive! You told me you'd finished with him—months ago—and all the time, I suppose—"

"You fool, d'you believe everything he tells you—"

"What's the Fin de Siècle?" I said.

"It's an artists' club in Chelsea. It's a sort of dining club where people meet."

I WENT to the phone in the corner and opened a book beside it. The number of the Fin de Siècle was there and I dialled it. Roger plucked at his bottom lip, and stared with doubtful, jealous eyes at Vere, who took a cigarette out of a jade box and lit it. I watched them as I waited. "Fin de Siècle." It was a man's voice.

"Is Mr. Clive Fisher there, please?"

"I don't know, sir. I'll just see."

After a minute, Vere put on another record and turned up the volume, so that the room was bursting with the wails of a tenor saxophone. "No, sir, he's not here yet."

"Are you expecting him?"

"Well, he's here most nights."

"Thanks." I hung up and stared at Vere. Then I ripped out the phone wires and swung round towards her. She backed away, fumbling for something to throw at me, and snatched up a brass ornament. But I only put the receiver down on the top of the gramophone. Roger hadn't moved.

When I got out in the street and into my car, I found I was soaked in sweat. Perhaps being like that didn't come naturally to me after all.

The Fin de Siècle wasn't far off Pimlico Road, an oldish Victorian house, and the only thing that made it different from the rest was a monogrammed F/S over the fanlight. When you got inside, there were a couple of uniformed men to take your coat, and upstairs was the main eating part, which was two rooms with a connecting corridor and a snack bar at either end.

To get in you had to be a member, but I asked for Clive Fisher and when they said he wasn't there I said I had an appointment with him. They asked me my name; I said Victor Moreton, so one of them took me upstairs and I sat in a corner of the dining-room and waited.

There was hardly an inch of the wall in the club not hung with sketches and

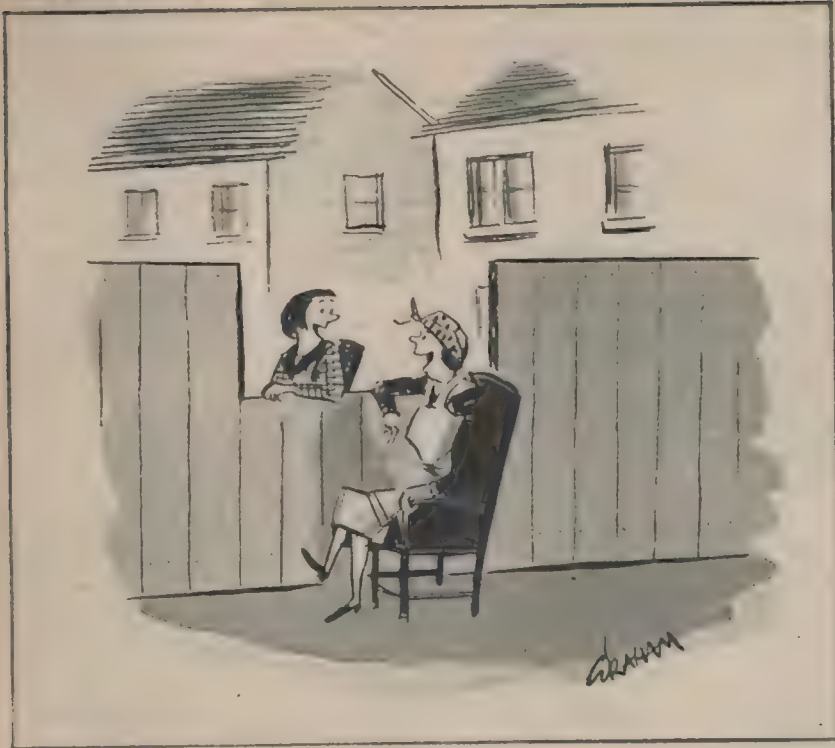
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The past is useful only if it suggests ways of progress; the future, if it provides the opportunities. We must not be prisoners of the future or the past—of either fear or complacency.

by **ROFFE THOMPSON**



pastels and portraits; I wondered if some of the members paid for their meals that way. It was a quarter to eight now and the place was nearly full. There was a good bit of corduroy and dandruff about.

At eight o'clock, a decadent looking youth sat down at the grand piano in the farther corner and began to pick out self-conscious tunes on it. The music came through to where I was sitting by way of a loudspeaker. At five past eight, Clive Fisher came in.

They led him straight over to my corner, and half the people evidently knew him because he had to talk and joke on the way. So he was nearly at the table before he saw me and I got up to greet him. He gave a jump of surprise, and I suppose that was the moment when he could have disowned me and got me turned out. But he'd been in too many shady deals to be able to assume innocence without a second thought. And while he hesitated, the attendant moved away.

I said: "I wasn't sure what time you usually get here."

He glanced round the room, I think just to make sure Victor Moreton wasn't there. Then he said in his high nasal voice: "What a coincidence. I was only thinking of you the other day."

He looked just the same as ever: healthy and pink-faced and rather womanish and bold.

I said: "I've been thinking of you a lot. Join me in a meal?"

He hesitated again, and then sat down uneasily.

"How's Sarah? I suppose you're settling down now?"

"Not as quickly as we hoped. Have you been out to your cottage since last week?"

"No. . . . Why?"

"We called there last Friday."

"Oh. . . ." He glanced at me sulkily as the waiter came up.

I said: "You order, I'll pay." And when he'd done so: "We went straight along there after your blackmailing friend Jerome called."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"You should. He told me you sent him."

Clive picked up a roll and buttered it and ate it, greedily, as if he was hungry.

After he'd swallowed, he said vindictively: "Jerome's still in hospital after what you did to him. You'll be lucky to get away with that."

"So will you."

He eyed me. "If you're thinking of some of your strong-arm stuff here, it won't wash, Branwell. You've chosen the wrong place."

"I can always wait for you."

"I'll take care to leave with friends."

"You shouldn't be so very hard to

follow. I suppose you realize I know all about you?"

He hesitated, picking up another roll; glanced at the people nearest, indecision crawling across his face.

"Well, why should I be done out of my share?" he said suddenly. "I worked for it."

"Your share being fourteen thousand pounds?"

"Why not—now?"

"You were only a helper—like Ambrosine. You got paid for your work."

"Helper be damned! I was—well, never mind. . . ."

The meal came but we didn't begin to eat.

I said: "When you set fire to the place, why didn't you clear out at once?"

He looked at me and laughed shortly. "Oh, no, you don't get that dog to bark. I was in London."

"Any proof?"

"You bet."

"And what went wrong?"

"You're the insurance hound. You tell me."

I said: "I suppose you know I was there that night."

He looked up, really startled. After a minute he said: "What are you trying to sell me?"

"Probably a ticket to Madeira—it you can get one before the police catch up with you."

His hand fumbled on his knife. His fingers were long and flat with the nails cut close. "Don't talk to me about the police. Any minute I like I can put you on the run, Branwell. You've got so much to lose. I think you'd pay quite a lot to keep Sarah out of prison."

I said: "Isn't it about time you stopped telling yourself that fairy tale? The police know all about Sarah. And they know all about me. I'd spoken to them before Jerome ever turned up."

He began to pick at his meal, working this one out. I ate my food with false heartiness.

I said: "What happened to the originals of the paintings you copied for Tracey?"

"They're far away—where you can't reach them."

"One isn't."

He looked at me.

"The Foster. It was a mistake to sell it in England, wasn't it?"

"You seem to know all about it."

"Well, there's such a thing as export licences, if the owner wants to take it home. Was that first fire a rehearsal or did it go wrong?"

"What do you think?"

"I think it was a bit of both, just to see if it was as easy as you thought—but chiefly that it went wrong."

The place had emptied rather

quickly. Clive seemed to have finished his meal. He said: "I don't believe you were there that night. I don't see how you can have been—unless. . . ."

"Yes, I was there. So don't you think it's about time you told me the rest? Did you start this blackmail racket all by yourself, or is there someone else in it?"

"Why should there be? Anyway, what difference does it make?"

"It could make a lot—"

I hadn't heard the man come up behind me. "Beg your pardon, Mr. Fisher; you're wanted on the phone."

It was one of the attendants from downstairs, a big chap, not the one who had shown me in. I looked up and saw that the other one was just inside the door.

Clive said: "Who wants me?" I could see a sudden glint in his eyes.

"Mrs. Litchen. She asked me if. . . ."

Clive began to get up. I said: "Vere Litchen hasn't got anything that'll help us. Send word you'll phone her later."

Clive sat down again, but he, too, glanced towards the door. It's queer how quickly the feel of a place can change. There were only six other diners in the room now; two in a corner and four at the bar.

The other attendant must have had a signal because he came in and up to the table. The big attendant said: "Mrs. Litchen sent word, sir, that this—guest you've got . . . wasn't invited by you."

"Nor was he," said Clive petulantly. "He's come here—throwing his weight about."

"She said we was to see the manager about it, but just at the moment Mr. Browning's out." The big man turned and looked at me. "This is a private club, you know. You've no right in here except on the invitation of one of the members. That's the law."

"Absolutely," Clive said. "This man came here under a wrong name and forced himself on me. He thinks he can get away with anything."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" I asked.

The piano had stopped in the other room. The youth who'd been playing came through into our room and ordered a drink at the bar. He sat on one of the stools and combed his fair hair.

The big man said: "I'm afraid we shall have to ask you to leave."

"And if I don't?"

"Then we'll have to take steps, like."

Two more of the diners were going. The youth stared across at our table curiously and made some remark to the man at the bar. I took my time and thought things out. A rough-house here wouldn't hurt Clive. I'd learned a good bit. But there was still one thing, and the most important.

I said to Fisher: "There's one question I'd like you to answer me. If you do, I might call it quits—for the time being."

He was very uneasy, afraid of what I'd say in front of the attendants.

"There's no harm in asking."

I said: "Who comes to your cottage now and smokes asthma cigarettes?"

He began to play with a salt cellar. A very peculiar expression crept over his face.

"Tracey—did, of course."

"And does he occasionally get up out of Lowis churchyard and smoke one with you still?"

He parted his lips in a humourless grin. After a minute he said: "What's it worth to you to know?"

"Whatever it's worth to you to get rid of me."

His eyes went round the room but he didn't look at me. There was a spurt of talk from the people at the bar. Fisher said: "Why don't you go down and see?"

"Where? To your house again?"

"No. . . . To Lowis Manor."

"You seem to forget it was burnt down."

He pushed back his chair.

"Not all of it," he said.

To be concluded next week

COMMANDO!

Continued from page 11

minutes later he was dead, killed in an assault on the back of a house. He and his men had shot three Germans who had been firing on them from the house, then rushed it. They went through the rooms and as Johnny entered the last room a fourth German shot him.

About the time that Johnny met his death I went into a large oil factory near our landing beach. I was looking for Johann Gotteberg, who had been named to us as the chairman of the local quislings and was the owner of this factory. Meanwhile, another of my officers, Bill Bradley, prepared the factory for demolition.

Inside, I saw a middle-aged man who seemed to be attending the machinery with extraordinary concentration—considering the circumstances. "Who is that man?" I asked my Norwegian guide, a native of Vaagso.

"That is Gotteberg, the owner," said the guide. I had Gotteberg arrested. A few minutes later he had a first-class view of his factory being blown up.

Knew No Fear

Algy Forrester went off like a rocket with his No. 4 Troop down the streets of the town, leaving a trail of dead Germans behind him. The third officer of 4 Troop was Bill Lloyd, who, with Algy, had developed the technique of landing on rough and rocky shores.

Bill hardly got going before he was shot clean through the neck. That was the end of him for this operation. Algy waded in, shouting and cheering his men, throwing grenades into each house as they came to them and firing from the hip with his tommy gun. He looked wild and dangerous. I shouldn't have liked to have been a German in his path. He had absolutely no fear.

He led an assault against the German headquarters—in the Ulvasund Hotel—and was about to toss a grenade in when one of the enemy, firing through the front door, shot him. As he fell, he landed on his own grenade, which exploded a second later.

Other casualties in Algy Forrester's troop were heavy. Captain Martin Linge, who was in charge of a party of Norwegian volunteers, had also been attached to number 4. When the attack was briefly held up after Algy's death, he kept things moving—but only for a few minutes. He was killed in exactly the same way as Forrester—shot as he tried to open a door.

I had spoken to Martin just as he left the beach. "This is good, Colonel," he had said, laughing. "We'll have a party at the May Fair to celebrate when we get back." He was a very gallant and fearless ally and would have made an ideal Commando soldier.

Blew Up Tank

The Germans had a tank in a garage near the Ulvasund Hotel—it was about 150 yards up the street—a fact of which we were aware through our intelligence. The tank was an old one, but if it were brought out on to the street it could wreak havoc among us with its gun.

Sergeant Cork, also of 4 Troop, managed to reach the tank and blow it up. Unfortunately, he used too heavy a charge and didn't get away quickly enough. He was caught in the explosion and died of wounds. Now Corporal "Knocker" White was left in command of Forrester's troop. He performed the job so gallantly that he was to earn a Distinguished Conduct Medal for it.

From our out-of-doors, snow-covered headquarters near the landing place, I could see everything that took place on Maaloy. Numbers 5 and 6 Troops, only fifty yards from the beach when the naval barrage lifted, were up the slopes of the island like a flash. I saw them advancing through the smoke in perfect extended order. Jack Churchill, my second-in-command, who had played them in with his bagpipes, was leading them with considerable dash.

On landing, Captain Peter Young saw a German running back to man his

gun position. "I was able to shoot him," Peter told me later. Ten minutes after this, Young reached the company office on Maaloy. One of the German company clerks made the literally fatal mistake of trying to wrest Peter's rifle from him. Small pockets of resistance were quickly cleaned up and many prisoners were taken, including two Norwegian women of easy virtue who had been consoling the Germans.

The fighting in the town was still hot and heavy, however, and I got Charlie Head—my signals officer for this raid—to send a message to the headquarters ship asking for the floating reserves, and another to Jack Churchill on Maaloy asking if he, too, could help. Jack promptly sent 6 Troop under Peter Young.

The Noise Of Battle

Back in the main street, where our attack had been stalled, Peter Young with 6 Troop got things moving again. I left the adjutant to control our headquarters and joined him.

It was very noisy: there were the different sounds from the various calibres of small arms; artillery exchanges between Kenya and a coast defence battery somewhere down the line; anti-aircraft fire from the ships against the Messerschmidts which had taken off to the attack from the neighbouring airfield; the demolitions; and the crackling roar of flames. I heard one signaller complaining how difficult it was to receive messages. "This is bloody awful! A man can hardly hear himself think!"

Our opposition was much stiffer than I had expected. (It was not until later that I learned that about fifty men from an exceptionally good German unit were spending Christmas leave at Vaagso.)

As I tried to catch up with Peter Young I saw him and Sgt. George Herbert throwing grenades through windows and doors. They appeared to be enjoying themselves. I finally joined them in a timber yard which had only one entrance off the main street.

Suddenly, in a strange interval when artillery and demolitions seemed to pause for their second wind, there was an eerie, unexpected stillness. Half of No. 6 Troop were clustered in the timber yard. A single rifle shot rang out and a man—Corporal Skelton—fell dead beside me.

I thought the shot had come from a house, about twenty yards away, on the other side of the small yard. We all started firing furiously at the windows of the house. I emptied my revolver, feeling strangely helpless, for there was only one exit to the yard, and unless we did something quickly it seemed certain the sniper would pick us all off, one by one. Another shot came from the house and another man fell dead. I think this was the first time in warfare that I truly felt fear. I didn't like it.

End Of A Sniper

We crouched behind a pile of timber. The sniper fired whenever one of us moved. Soon he picked off a third of our number. He was shooting right down at us from a first floor window.

There was a shed just behind our cover and Sgt. George Herbert disappeared into it. He called out, "Captain Young! I've found a tin of petrol!"

"Put some in a bucket, Sergeant," Peter called back. "When you've done it we'll all stand up and give you covering fire while you toss it into the house."

Herbert did this and the others followed the petrol up by lobbing grenades through the windows. There was a great flash of flame. Very soon the wooden house was burned to the ground, a funeral pyre for the sniper. I wasn't sorry to leave that timber yard.

It was just about then that Lt. Denis O'Flaherty was wounded. He had been leading assault after assault on enemy-held houses, and was at the fore of an attack on the steamship wharf when a sniper, concealed in a warehouse, hit him in the eye. O'Flaherty, a brave soldier, had been wounded twice

DOWN YOUR GARDEN

with RICHARD DIMBLEBY

Indoor flower bed

PEOPLE in flats or rooms without gardens might like to try my idea. I use window boxes inside the rooms, painting the outsides with transparent waterproofing liquid (it is inexpensive—get it from a decorator's). Two coats dry in fifteen minutes. Then I paste wallpaper over the box, to match or contrast with the room. For the nursery, I use transfers.—MRS. MACKAY, Blackpool.



Anti-mouse defences



I have found a good way of preventing mice from eating newly sown peas. Before pushing the earth back after planting the peas, I cover them with gorse or furze. This prickly stuff is completely successful in foiling the mice.—S. BURFIELD, Bexhill.

Bulbs without guesswork

To avoid guesswork in next year's bulb layout, I tie a piece of wool the colour of the flower round the neck of the bulb before the bloom dies. It

is then easy, when the bulbs are lifted, to classify the colours with certainty. I have found this plan useful with phlox.—T. BARKER, Plymouth.

Readers are invited to send their own simple, original gardening hints to DOWN YOUR GARDEN, John Bull, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Every week, Richard Dimbleby will make a selection of the best, and John Bull will pay three guineas for each on publication. "Down Your Garden" hints cannot be returned unless they are accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

before. (This most serious wound was to cost him eight major operations in two years in hospital. He lost his eye but never his spirit. Not long ago, still a fighting soldier, O'Flaherty was decorated by the Americans for gallantry in Korea.)

After the affair of the timber yard, when the attack got rolling down the main street again, a door on the fjord side of the street suddenly opened a crack and a German lobbed out a grenade. It rolled between my feet and stopped. I was standing on a corner and instinctively took a tremendous dive for shelter around the edge of the building. I landed on my face just in time to hear the grenade go off. I escaped with a couple of small bits of the grenade in my hand, but my orderly, a lad named Allen, was badly wounded.

About thirty seconds later, the same door opened and the German who had tossed the grenade came out with his hands up and expressing his earnest desire to surrender. I was prepared to accept this, but one of my men thought otherwise. He advanced on the German. "Nein! Nein!" the German yelled, a small man, yellow and scared.

No Case For Mercy

Our man was so angry he shot the German dead through the stomach. This, of course, is one of the tricky problems in warfare. Can a man throw a death-dealing grenade one second and surrender the next? I hardly think he can expect much mercy.

The attack pushed on up the street and soon the most severe phase of the fighting was over. We were now well on top, and I felt sure we would achieve every objective of the raid. I remember marvelling at the courage of the newsreel and press photographers, who never roamed far from the leading

soldiers. Harry Regnold, the army movie cameraman, Jack Ramsden, of Movietone News, and E. G. Malindine, an army stills photographer (now with Illustrated magazine) were continually in the forefront of the battle.

When we got to the end of the street, I looked at my watch. It was 1.45 p.m. I was astonished to realize that I had been away from my headquarters for two hours. It was nearly time to make our withdrawal. I called a troop commanders' meeting to issue final orders.

Led Them Through Fire

On the way back down the main street, I found many houses were now burning fiercely. Pieces of burning wood fell on the roads. I was wryly amused to discover that many of my men, who had been entirely without fear in battle, were now scared to death by the flames. I took the lead. "Come on with me!" I shouted. "You won't get hurt!" And I ran quickly through the avenue of fire.

When we were nearly back to headquarters I saw a good-looking young German lying in the gutter, seriously wounded in the chest and obviously near death. He smiled at me. When he beckoned, I walked over and spoke to him. He could speak no English, but indicated he wished to shake hands. I did. I think what he meant—and I agreed—was that it had been a good, clean battle.

While the street fighting had been going on, the destroyers Oribi and Onslow had not been idle. They had set about destroying enemy shipping in the anchorage. The original intention was to bring the larger ships back to England; but the Germans were too quick in scuttling to make this possible.

Nevertheless, it was some satisfaction to see ship after ship settling to the

bottom. Onslow and Oribi often had to administer the *coup de grace*. Boarding parties, moving quickly, were able to recover valuable documents. Ten ships, totalling 18,000 tons, were sent to the bottom.

We carried out demolitions so effectively that we used most of the stores we brought ashore for this purpose—300 lb. of plastic explosive, 1,100 lb. of gun cotton, 150 lb. of ammonol explosive, 150 incendiary bombs, 60 gun cotton primers and 1,400 ft. of fuse. But, before any German-occupied building was blown up, one of our intelligence section searched through it for documents.

Captured Master Code

The precaution paid off beautifully when we found, in the German H.Q., the master code for the whole of the German Navy. For many weeks to come, as a result of this priceless discovery, the Admiralty in London was able to decipher freely all German naval signal messages. This, of course, helped us greatly in the conduct of the war at sea.

The withdrawal and re-embarkation was now going smoothly and silently. Charlie Head and I were the last two on the beach, and I could see that he wanted to be the last man off.

"Go on—get in!" I said, in a tone which indicated that this was an order, not a request. He grinned and obeyed, thus giving me, beyond dispute, the honour of being first in, last out, on this operation which was to be described in the press a day or two later as "the perfect raid."

The two Norwegian women found on Maaloy were taken with other prisoners on board the Prince Charles. They were laughing as if it were a great joke. I think they hoped to carry on their business without interruption despite the changed fortunes of war. They were put in the doctor's cabin—he was so busy attending the wounded there was no chance of his needing it. They were quick to replace their battle-stained clothes by helping themselves to two pairs of the doctor's best pyjamas, and wore them with necklines which plunged far below the bounds of decency. Their sentries ignored them.

We pulled out to sea carrying a foaming bow wave before us. Back at Scapa Flow, we had a most enthusiastic welcome from the Royal Navy, who, until then, had held the army in rather low esteem since they had been continually called upon to rescue and evacuate them.

Things were different now. The Kenya sent a message that their ship's company thought our men were terrific. Admiral Burroughs contributed several bottles of champagne towards a toast containing the same sentiments, and, of course, our success was acclaimed by Combined Operations Headquarters.

The Enemy Losses

The operation could chalk up facts and figures on the balance sheet which made pleasant reading to me. Four MEIRIS had been shot down by Royal Navy anti-aircraft fire. Valuable German documents and codes had been taken. One hundred and twenty of the enemy had been killed, ninety-eight prisoners brought back: this being the first reasonably large collection of German prisoners to be taken to Britain in the war.

We had destroyed all enemy offices, many cars and lorries, the tank (a 15-tonner), five guns, petrol tanks, ammunition stores, barracks and telephone exchanges, beach mines, searchlights, lighthouses, radio installations and four factories.

By contrast, our casualties were reasonably light. Two ratings killed, and two officers and four ratings wounded was the naval toll. Two officers and fifteen other ranks killed, and five officers, forty-eight other ranks wounded, was the military total. The Norwegian party lost one officer, Captain Linge, and two men wounded. Eight of our aircraft—Blenheims—were missing.

I felt that at last No. 3 Commando

had proved its worth as a raiding unit. The battle of Vaagso had been won against first-class opposition by the utter ruthlessness and completely professional competence of our officers and men. They stopped for nothing. If one Commando soldier was shot down, his comrades always came forward to press the fighting on—throwing grenades, firing rifles and Bren guns. Never at any time was the impetus of the attack allowed to die down.

Before Vaagso, late in 1941, the Germans had taken no real beating on land in the second World War. Now, I felt, all our arduous training and my merciless rejection of the unsuitable and the unfit had been justified.

I could not help feeling a great personal satisfaction that we had done so well, for, in the beginning, it had been quite another story. It is only fair to tell that other story, too—so that it will be understood how success can, in wartime, with determination and hard work, be fashioned out of utter failure.

How Commandos Began

When the letter came, in mid-June, 1940, Dunkirk was past, the last of the B.E.F. had been evacuated from France. The letter called for volunteers to raid the enemy coast. I liked that. "Men of good physique . . . able to swim and navigate boats . . . initiative and leadership" — those were the phrases in it.

I was tired of training men for action: I wanted action myself. I tore upstairs and burst in to see my commanding officer, Colonel J. V. Naisby.

"Here's exactly the thing I want to do," I said, waving the letter. "Will you release me?" I was adjutant of his unit, the 23rd Medium and Heavy Training Regiment, R.A. We were stationed at Plymouth.

"Calm yourself, John," the colonel said, eyeing me with mild disapproval; and he reached for the letter. He read it and put it down with a sigh. "But we've plenty of work here. Who's going to do your job?"

It took fifteen minutes to win him round. "I can see you've made up your mind," he said, finally.

"Thank you, sir. I'll need a recommendation from you, of course."

He looked up at me, rubbing his chin. Suddenly he grinned. "You're an old soldier, John; write your own recommendation. I'll sign it."

There was a War Office interview, of course. Then I returned to Plymouth and, almost before I had time to settle back into my old routine, Colonel Naisby walked into my room. He seemed pleased.

"That must have been a good recommendation I signed," he remarked, and dropped a signal on my desk. It read: CAPT. J. F. DURNFORD SLATER ADJUTANT 23RD MEDIUM AND HEAVY TRAINING REGT. R.A. IS APPOINTED TO RAISE AND COMMAND NUMBER 3

COMMANDO IN THE RANK OF LIEUT. COLONEL. GIVE EVERY ASSISTANCE AND RELEASE FROM PRESENT APPOINTMENT FORTHWITH AS OPERATIONAL RÔLE IMMINENT.

I had wanted action: I was going to get it: and I owed it all to my mother.

The Unwilling Cadet

My mother had a strong will. Her father had been in the army, and so had her husband. My father, Capt. L. F. Slater, was a regular officer in the Royal Sussex Regiment. I last saw him on August 5, 1914, when I was five and a half years old, and he had come to join us on holiday at Milton-on-Sea.

I remember that I had an encounter with a small boy who told me he was German. I promptly struck him on the nose, drawing blood. I was being led away toward the chastisement I deserved when my father arrived and distracted Mother from her purpose. Father was killed in action a month later, and Mother made it clear to me that I should follow him into the army. She put me down for Wellington, a school with the strongest army tradition in Britain.

I entered Wellington when I was thirteen. The thing I hated at once was the Officers' Training Corps. I didn't like the uniform, the marching, the drill—or anything else about it. I dreaded the coming of Wednesday—the corps day.

"What's the matter with you, Slater—can't you march in step?" the instructor yelled. He told me that my uniform was untidy. He shook his head and muttered at me under his breath. It took me only a few weeks to see that I was not meant for the army. When I mentioned this to Mother, she explained, with a great deal of determination, that I was wrong. Gradually, I learned how to march in step; but I still disliked it.

"That's the best life for you, John," my mother kept telling me when I went home. "You'll never like it in business."

Mother Got Her Way

Home was in the village of Instow, North Devon. There were several people who lived there in retirement after a life in the Argentine. They told me of the limitless pampas, and of the horses. By the time I was fourteen, I told my mother that I was determined to go to the Argentine and breed horses. Mother said that she doubted if I could succeed on the limited capital at my disposal.

"The army is your best chance," she declared firmly. "If you go into the Artillery, you'll have your horses, too." That was the extent of her willingness to compromise; originally she had wanted me to join the Royal Sussex Regiment, like Father.

Mother's character was stronger than mine. I entered Woolwich at eighteen and, a year and a half later, my army career had begun in earnest. It was 1929.

I was sent to India for six years. There was first-rate sport: football, cricket, hockey, plenty of riding and pig-sticking. But when I returned to Britain, in 1935, I found everything changed. Each day was a frustration. I wanted to resign—until Munich. Then I thought: why bother? War seemed inevitable. Up to then, I felt, I had only been playing at soldiering.

When war came, I was adjutant of the only anti-aircraft unit which was operational in south-west England. Soon other regiments arrived and our duties became routine. It seemed time to do something about becoming a fighting soldier. Told I was more valuable training troops in England, I was posted as adjutant to a newly formed training regiment. The work was valuable, but painfully dull.

Then I received the letter—and dullness vanished.

NEXT WEEK: The Commandos launch their first raid—a night attack on Guernsey. "Commando" by Brigadier John Durnford Slater, D.S.O., will be published on March 30 by William Kimber, price 15s.



—good thing
we've got some
Elastoplast
in the house!



Never neglect a cut. Put on a first aid dressing at once. Make sure it is genuine Elastoplast. 94% of people who ask for a brand of first aid dressings demand Elastoplast. From chemists.

IT'S ELASTOPLAST-ICITY YOU WANT IN FIRST AID



"Sounds like someone breathing. I wonder if the old cat has got her ear against the wall"

TAKE IT FROM ME

Continued from page 18

more card up my sleeve and, calling for my posthorn, ripped through the "Posthorn Galop." Miraculously, on the last note, the curtain went up. Staggering exhaustedly to the wings, I found that I had been on the stage, alone, for forty minutes.

The season ended as it had begun, with a party on the stage. But our rest from stage work was not to be a long one. A few weeks later we opened at the Adelphi Theatre, London, in the same show. This time, however, it was given a title—*Take It From Us*—and it ran successfully from October, 1950, to October, 1951.

After this strenuous run, I was not sorry to retire to the farm which I had bought in Sussex. The farm was the fulfilment of a long-treasured ambition of mine. Even as a boy, I had wanted to take up farming, and after my release from the R.A.F. had considered it seriously, only to be deterred by lack of capital. But as my success on the stage grew, my interest was reborn.

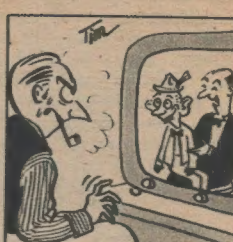
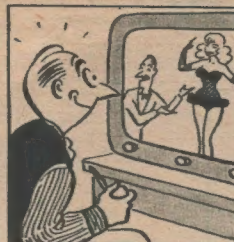
My brother Alan had also shared this same ambition for years, but at the time was closeted in an office in London, working for the Ministry of Transport. I held sombre conferences with him. Should we go into farming together? Should he give up his job and rely for a few years on my continued success, so that we could get a farm going? Eventually, more in the atmosphere of two people who had decided on some dreadful deed than of two brothers who were embarking on a great and happy adventure, we took the decision. He gave his notice and went on to a farm as a pupil.

Search For A Farm

During the next year or so, while he continued to learn in this way, we carried on a continuous search for the right farm for ourselves. We decided that it must not be less than 120 acres; must show prospects of eventual self-sufficiency; and, for my benefit, must be within striking distance of the main line to London.

We were inundated with brochures from agents, and I always fell for some potty little place with over-developed buildings and expensive herds. Alan gently steered me away from these attractive red herrings and clung tenaciously to the plans that we had laid. Several times I hurried down from Blackpool to trudge doggedly, map in hand, round a farm that was for sale. In more than one case we worked out what we thought was a

OH, JOHNNY!



reasonable figure and bid up to it at the auction, but with no success.

Then, quite suddenly, the farmer for whom Alan was working suggested that we took over his tenancy. We jumped at the idea and, though the landlord was not very keen on having a comedian on his land, after devious negotiations I found myself the legal tenant of a farm. A year later it came into the market and I was able to buy it. It was a real thrill to know that I owned a small corner of England.

Chicks In The Cupboard

The farm was not in very good shape, but Alan knew it from his year's stay there and, as an exercise, had been making theoretical plans of what he would do with it if he owned it. He was able to start putting these plans into effect as soon as we took over.

In the very first week the stunted and bad-tempered bull was sold; the cows went, too, as they calved. A dilapidated outhouse was turned into a garage, and a ramshackle Nissen hut was removed and re-erected elsewhere.

In its place we built, out of an old army hut, a block of stables for the carthorses and my hunters. In the house we made the minimum improvements to make it comfortable. We found the bathroom accessible only through the main bedroom, so Alan made careful plans to by-pass this. All traces of the day-old chicks, which had been kept in the dining-room cupboard, were removed.

For some months we had no cows at all, while we brought the place up to TT standards and installed some modern milking appliances. Then Alan took the plunge and went up to Lanark, in Scotland, to buy some pedigree Ayrshires. He had instructions to try not to part with more than £1,000 of my hard-earned money. That evening he wired me at the Adelphi: TWELVE YOUNG LADIES ON THEIR WAY.

I was jubilant, and on the next morning waited about on the farm in great anticipation. We expected a phone call any minute from Sheffield

Park, our local railway station, to which the heifers had been consigned. At eleven o'clock the phone rang. A voice said: "Is that Mr. Edwards?"

"Yes," I replied.

The voice went on in a strange, un-Sussex accent. "Your cows have just arrived here—what shall we do with them?"

"Well," I said, "we will send a cattle truck down immediately to fetch them."

"It'll be a bit of a long ride, won't it?" was the reply.

My heart sank. "Where are you speaking from?"

"Sheffield—in Yorkshire!"

It transpired that our twelve valuable pedigree attested Ayrshire heifers had arrived at Park Station, Sheffield, and had been shunted into the siding adjoining the local abattoir. This was the manager of the abattoir ringing me, because he could not help feeling that there was something wrong. Had it not been for his quick grasp of the situation, they might well have been slaughtered out of hand.

Like Crossing The Sahara

I begged him to water them and feed them with hay, then rang practically everybody in British Railways to try to get them on the move again. Eventually I got in touch with the appropriate area supervisor. "Have you heard about my heifers?" I said.

"Aye," he replied. "As soon as I got into the office at nine o'clock this morning I was told about it. Don't worry, they'll be on the road again by ten o'clock tonight. If all goes well, they'll be with you in the morning." The way he said it they might well have been embarking on a journey across the Sahara Desert.

Next morning, Alan and I were on the platform at Sheffield Park Station to greet them as, hungry and obviously tired, they tumbled out into a lorry and we took them back to the farm. How delighted they were to feel green grass under their hooves again!

We were, of course, relieved to see

them arrive, but were filled with misgivings about what germs they might have been exposed to on the journey. Happily, some months later, when their first test took place, not one reacted. They are now well on the way to their second and third calves, and have become a useful basis for our herd.

Buying A Hunter

Before acquiring the farm, I had spent a time living in a tiny cottage in Rottingdean. It was there that Gaston Genillard, a friend of mine, introduced me to fox-hunting, now my favourite sport.

The first step was to re-ignite my enthusiasm for riding. After a couple of trips on the Downs on his horse, this was quickly accomplished and, as Gaston had a spare stall in his stable, the idea entered my head of buying a horse of my own. Ever since, as a young boy, I used to haunt Tom Tagg's stable yard in Barnes, and ride the polo ponies there, I had wanted a horse. Now I felt I could afford one.

I scanned the columns in *Horse and Hound* and saw this advertisement: "Grey gelding, 16.2 hands, up to plenty of weight. Experienced hunter, suitable for a novice or nervous person." Clearly this was my horse. I went down to Mr. Moran's farm, near Crawley, to look the horse over and try him out. I climbed on to him and got going, but could not stop.

"Don't hang on to him!" the groom shouted.

"Well, how do I stop him?" I shouted back in a frenzy.

Presently, with both the horse and me puffing and blowing, I brought him back. I knew from past experience that grooms are frank, but I did not expect to hear him say: "You're as fat as a pig, aren't you?"

I could do nothing but agree. "That's why I'm buying a horse," I said, entirely on the defensive. "The exercise will make a new man of me." So Matchless became the first horse I had ever owned.

The day after Matchless arrived at

Do not send cash unless registered. Cross postal orders or cheques. Keep counterfoils of P.O.s.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

BARGAINS BY POST

When ordering, write clearly your name and full postal address—in block letters or delay may result.

YOURS for 5/- Deposit



Special offer of the famous German Hamburg-Visor Long Range Marine or Field Glasses. Day and Night Observation Model. Height 5 in., width 4 in. New light weight German alloy Frosted Coating. Superfine Lens Combination gives astonishing results of Magnification. Large Objective Lens — 3 1/2 x 40. Complete in Case with Shoulder Sling.

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They bear official Govt. stamp. Are made of leather and have steel tips and heel plates.

Made from the finest full chrome leather. Fitted with leather laces. Also available with toe and heel plates.

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Attractive, strong, easy to hang. From 50/- upwards. Send stamped addressed envelope (11d.) for Illustrated Leaflet No. DG-11.

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Trade inquiries invited.

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BOYS' & GIRLS' BLAZERS

5/- Deposit per Set

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NO INTEREST CHARGED

With gilt buttons, good quality material.

Colours: Navy, Royal, Brown, Wine or Bottle Green. Size: Shoulder to Hem 16", 16 1/2", 17", 17 1/2", 18", 18 1/2", 19", 19 1/2", 20", 20 1/2", 21", 21 1/2", 22", 22 1/2", 23", 23 1/2", 24", 24 1/2", 25", 25 1/2", 26", 26 1/2", 27", 27 1/2", 28", 28 1/2", 29", 29 1/2", 30", 30 1/2", 31", 31 1/2", 32", 32 1/2", 33", 33 1/2", 34", 34 1/2", 35", 35 1/2", 36", 36 1/2", 37", 37 1/2", 38", 38 1/2", 39", 39 1/2", 40", 40 1/2", 41", 41 1/2", 42", 42 1/2", 43", 43 1/2", 44", 44 1/2", 45", 45 1/2", 46", 46 1/2", 47", 47 1/2", 48", 48 1/2", 49", 49 1/2", 50", 50 1/2", 51", 51 1/2", 52", 52 1/2", 53", 53 1/2", 54", 54 1/2", 55", 55 1/2", 56", 56 1/2", 57", 57 1/2", 58", 58 1/2", 59", 59 1/2", 60", 60 1/2", 61", 61 1/2", 62", 62 1/2", 63", 63 1/2", 64", 64 1/2", 65", 65 1/2", 66", 66 1/2", 67", 67 1/2", 68", 68 1/2", 69", 69 1/2", 70", 70 1/2", 71", 71 1/2", 72", 72 1/2", 73", 73 1/2", 74", 74 1/2", 75", 75 1/2", 76", 76 1/2", 77", 77 1/2", 78", 78 1/2", 79", 79 1/2", 80", 80 1/2", 81", 81 1/2", 82", 82 1/2", 83", 83 1/2", 84", 84 1/2", 85", 85 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Rottingdean, Gaston persuaded me, against my better judgment, to accompany him to the meet of the South-down Hunt, about eight miles away. A gay and fashionably clad gathering laughed and joked on the lawn outside a magnificent old manor near Glynde and, dressed as I was in my old sports jacket and flat cap, I felt out of place. When stirrup cups were handed round I had two generous glasses of port to bolster my spirits.

Then Gaston said: "Come along, Jimmy, and follow the hunt!"

I had come over only for the hack. "Not on your life," I said. "I'm going back to Rottingdean as soon as you move off." But Gaston persisted, and eventually the port won the argument. I followed along with the field.

It was an exciting day. I stayed with Gaston as much as possible, and within the first few minutes we had seen a fox. With hounds in full cry, Matchless took hold of the bit and proceeded to show me what hunting was all about. As we were galloping madly round a corner, a branch of a tree seemed to reach down and sweep the cap off my head. It also gave me a nasty cut on the nose, and from then on I was an even more, disreputable figure, with my hair all over the place and blood streaming down my face.

After the long ride back to Rottingdean, it was a very sore and stiff Edwards who lowered himself painfully to the ground. We had been about nine hours in the saddle and it was not long before I was in bed.

After that I began to hunt regularly, and was soon daring enough to take the jumps—although my only lesson was from Gaston and consisted of a shouted: "For heaven's sake, Jimmy, sit back!" I did, and with Matchless's vast experience to help, all was well.

No Ruffling Vera Lynn

The time came for the preparation of a new show. Jack Hylton and George and Alfred Black were keen to get the *Take It From Here* trio back in a West End production, but it did not quite work out as they had expected. Eventually, the original plans were scrapped, and a new show was planned with Vera Lynn and Tony Hancock joining me at the top of the bill.

On Saturday, April 12, 1952, *London Laughs* opened at the Adelphi. We had a good press, and I was pleased to see that Tony got his fair share of praise, because, in my opinion, he is going to be one of the great comedians of the future. Vera, too, was a great success. What a sweet and equable character she is! Though she has not worked much with comedians before, I have so far not succeeded in ruffling her composure when exchanging gags with her on the stage.

I find it almost too good to be true that, after only six years in the business, I am now in my second successful West End show. It is certainly a far cry from my days at the Windmill.

NEXT WEEK: I entertain the Queen at a ball in Buckingham Palace

LIFE WITH FATHER



Here is the rest of the photograph on page 35. The boy is Douglas Fairbanks, jr., learning a few hints about baseball from his famous film star father.

BRING YOUR FAMILY to the CORONATION!

LONDON will be the world's gayest and happiest city on Tuesday, June 2—and you can be there with your family, helping to make history on Coronation Day. Whether or not you have yet tried your hand at *Bullets*, this week's historic offer means that with your coupon below you can win £750 cash—plus a family invitation to witness from reserved seats the traditional and stirring pageantry of the Coronation Procession.

Careful and elaborate arrangements have been made for the *Bullets* Coronation Party; notice the details below—and make sure that your coupon for this first huge offer of JOHN BULL'S Coronation programme is posted by Monday, March 16.

GIANT CELEBRATION OFFER—PRIZES VALUE OVER £1,000

£750 "Bullets" 1st PRIZE CASH PLUS Family CORONATION VISIT

1,569 OTHER PRIZES: £50, £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6

2 of £5, 10 of £2.10s., 50 2-in-1 CORONATION

SURPRISE SOUVENIRS, 1,500 "Use-as-you-choose" Prizes

"SEASONS" as BONUSES A *Bullets* Season Ticket accompanies each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

With your £7.50 cheque comes JOHN BULL'S invitation, covering free travel, London hotel accommodation and reserved seats for Coronation Procession in premises booked exclusively for *Bullets* guests. Television service by EKCO; chicken and champagne lunch by famous caterers, many surprise extras. Invitation covers you, your companion and one or two children (or grandchildren) of your own, aged to upwards—for nights of Monday, June 1, and CORONATION DAY, June 2. Return home Wednesday, June 3.

HOW TO WIN

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

Coronation Fever
Britannia's Family
In Butler's Bag
Richer Man
March Of The Machines
Gathering Strength
Life Is Short, So
Modern Pirate
For Love Of The Game
Wicked
Snapping And Snarling
A Revelation
Kindness Itself
Mum, The Magician
Treated With Respect
In The Newlyweds' Flat
Cheering
Bit Of A Tartar
Leaving The Village
In A Shocking State

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

Dream Of A.....
The Teacher's.....
Put The.....On
.....In The Train
Turned To.....
He's Given Up.....And

POST ENTRY "Bullets" 1,876 (or Xword 828), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EX.

B.

EX.

B.

EX.

B.

EX.

B.

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value..... No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

MAY WE SEND YOU THIS GUIDE TO SUCCESS?

For practical help with *Bullets* and Crosswords, stick 2d. stamp on right—this brings you *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated March 28. 689

Don't miss next week's IDEAL KITCHEN OFFER!

CASH AND CORONATION CAKES

This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter one extra Answer to any one, two or three Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Crossword Square XWORD 828

- More these will be heard before warmer weather returns
- What you know to be coming when you feel the first twinge of rheumatism again
- Needs attention from time to time
- An extended dock strike is likely to affect this of nation
- Memory of this ought to make us apprehensive as to any future war
- Likely to be too much for young seedlings
- Some don't require so much cleaning as others

Down Clues

- This may confirm expert's worst suspicions
- Thinking of blankets, one's mind may possibly turn to thoughts of
- Backers of horses often have poor opinion of racing tipster's wretched these
- There are people whom these make sick
- Can have a dramatic character
- It must be a rare occasion when this affects traveller adversely
- It's possible for it to be too big, in some cases
- Whilst a rich magnate probably enjoys his wealth, he often gets his biggest kick out of achieving this

£100 FIRST PRIZE

AWARDS VALUE £25

amongst 1st Runners-up

CORONATION CAKES

All winners of prizes value £1 and over will receive, shortly before Coronation Day, an ICED and richly ornamented CELEBRATION CAKE.



Up to 500 "SIGNPOST" PRIZES—one for each 2nd Runner-up

XWORD 823 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 2. Blues. 4. Wine. 6. Zest. 7. Rep. 11. Joy. 12. Germs. 13. Boiling. 14. Fells. 15. Head. DOWN: 1. Sward. 3. Set. 5. Cup. 8. Foil. 9. Rigged. 10. Heave.

£100 OUTRIGHT WINNER: Mrs. F. M. Wilson, 112 Boundary Road, Carlisle, Cumberland.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 29 entrants, each of whom receives Food Parcel in addition. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to 2nd Runners-up.

CORONATION CAKES EXCLUSIVELY for XWORDS

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to one Clue will represent two full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to two Clues will represent four full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to three Clues will represent eight full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated March 28.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

B	A	2	S		3	A	I	4	N
O	N			5			S	E	A
		P	E	R	I				
T	6	R	E	E	7	G	A	8	S
			P	A	S				
	I	D				9	O	10	D
K	N	E	E		11		T	W	O
	L			12	A	S	T		
13	E	T					M	O	O
	14	B	A		G	E	S	828	

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

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I enclose P.O. value..... No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

From the sun-drenched South Seas comes . . .

A New Chocolate Thrill!



*It's a long, long swim to a South Sea Island
It's a long, long climb to the top of a coconut palm
It's only a step to your sweetshop for a Bounty*

HERE'S WONDERFUL NEWS! There's a new arrival in the chocolate world—Bounty, an extra-special chocolate coconut bar!

BUT WHAT COCONUT! Much creamier, richer, smoother than you've ever tasted before.

AND WHAT CHOCOLATE! Thick full-cream milk chocolate—the way you love it when it comes from Mars.

There's double delight in Bounty. The double thrill of a perfect blend of chocolate and coconut. The double enjoyment of two big chunky bars in every packet.

BOUNTY Two big chunky bars for 6d.

ANOTHER SWEET TREAT BY MARS

